

THE COMMONWEAL

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IN BEHALF OF UNION

NOVEMBER 14 marked the close of this year's convention of the National Catholic Alumni Federation. In many respects it seems the most important date in the history of active lay Catholic thought in America—thought, that is, which is not merely static but stimulating, which hopes to interest and confederate that growing crowd of men who are given a certain stamp of intellectual leadership by years of college training. We shall not discuss the bulk of the work done. But the mere fact that there was a considerable bulk suggests something as peculiar as it is important—the growing tendency to cede what might be termed the whole territory of the mind by men to women. Were it not for outstanding exceptions, it would be absolutely accurate to say that reading, thinking, and writing are done (particularly within Catholic circles) by alumnae. If one considers, for instance, the achievement of such organizations as the National Council of Catholic Women in New York City (whose third annual meeting is to be held, by the way, on December 6) the point becomes very clear. Here are associated women having a common interest in social welfare and political advancement; in the care of younger America, especially where that is governed by orphanage or apprentice conditions; and in the general cultural background out of which all remedial

agencies must be derived. And it is a pleasure to say that similar organizations exist in many places and are uniformly energetic.

What is the reason for the comparative inertia of the male? It is largely, we imagine, that men generally lack anything like a common consciousness of things which must be done, and of the way in which they can be accomplished. Their attention to matters of importance is almost extravagantly specialized. As individuals they often scrutinize anxiously the data of civilization as apart from the data of business or professional life. But they do not seem to realize that others are doing the same thing and that in union there is strength. It almost seems as if the dream of Pierre du Bois and his great fourteenth-century book had come true. Dom Jarret speaks thus of him: "A believer in education and in the widespread development of international thought, and in the power latent in womanhood to influence and reconstruct society, he wished to place the brutal world of his day, with its crusades in little and in great, with its huge dreams and violences, with its already dowdy chivalry and knightly graces, in a new atmosphere of polite and gracious learning." But though that be a noble and interesting dream, it can never wholly come true.

The still very young alumni federation is one of the

best proofs that we all may cherish ambitions for a collectively ambitious manhood. Its convention achieved—under the direction of its able president, Mr. Edward S. Dore—all the essential tasks. The Cardinal of Philadelphia represented the hierarchy, without whose sanction and active participation no concerted action of American Catholic laymen will ever be possible. A number of speakers outlined some of the major interests of education, with particular reference to the arts and letters. It was good there should be, in this practical age, a discussion of the classics as the sources of our living language and habits of thought. Finally it was proved by perhaps the most significant addresses delivered that the man in active, workaday life has many a good reason for getting into the thick of the intellectual fray and staying there.

Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, outlining the position of religious thought in the world today, found that the enemy had been entrenched in three main positions untenable now—higher criticism, scientific theory, and subjectivism. Concerning the last he said finally:

"If there is one thing clearly evident in the world of thought today, it is that Aristotle and Saint Thomas are coming into their own. The neo-scholastic school is the one school of philosophic thought which today displays real vitality. We seem indeed to be in something of that season of mental springtime which prevailed in Europe during the eleventh century when there was in bud the second great flowering of the human mind that has occurred in the history of the world. In ancient Greece all the compass points of human thought were marked off once and for all. There is no variety or vagary of thinking today that cannot be referred to one of these points. Aristotle marked the magnetic pole then, and he marks it now, and the needle of human thinking, no matter how much it may swing east, or west, or south, tends ever to return finally to the north. Men at all times have acted upon the Aristotelian philosophy. It is based upon those natural, spontaneous, primitive, infallible judgments of the human reason which Dr. Fulton J. Sheen calls common sense. The needle has swung north again, and subjectivism is clearly on the wane."

This, then, was a statement of the contemporary resurgence of the Christian mind, in whose victory all of us may share. But the fact that (as Mr. Woodlock himself declared) the average ideas of a generation are always some distance behind those of the dominant intellectual leaders makes it imperative there should be a "middle group" of those interested, of those who transfer principle into comment or into the substance of creative writing. It is here that union and effort are so noticeably lacking now, even in cases where practical problems of great immediate importance make their appearance. Senator Thomas J. Walsh, for his part, developed one of these problems. "The Catholic Church can well afford to be entirely indifferent to the puny efforts of Mexican iconoclasts

to destroy her," he said, "because history affords abundant reason to believe that she will survive them as she has survived others. But the government of the United States cannot afford to ignore them. I cannot conceive how such a flagrant disregard of the decency which ought to characterize the conduct of officials of a foreign government exercising their functions in our country can be condoned." The Senator's reference was to the propaganda being circulated by Mexican consular officials in this country—a species of diatribe which not merely violates all rules of courtesy, but which also is an insult because of the estimate it places upon the intelligence prevalent among "gringos."

It is impossible to continue through the addresses to which the convention listened. They are to be gathered and published in a bulletin to be issued by the federation. And perhaps there is no better index to the existing necessity for the organization itself than to say that getting people to read the bulletin and to visualize from it the effort that has been made is a formidable task. The inertia which has become so rooted a habit accepts good news with a cheerful curtsy, but it is not infected by the good news. It may throw its hat into the air, but it will put its hands back into its pockets. Against so long accumulated a tradition of indifference many people—the officers of the federation among them—are willing to contend for some time. But even Diogenes grew weary of carrying his lantern. It is too much to expect that individuals will forever groan and sweat under a load that the community ought to be carrying.

Perhaps one might profitably suggest, circumstances being what they are, that American men might very well learn from the feminine members of their families. Some years ago, many conservative people were inveighing against the intrusion of woman into fields of action other than domestic; and the old slogan, "Woman's place is in the home," which is true enough if understood rightly, was used as an argument upon many ridiculous occasions. Well, we Catholics would be in a sorry pass just now in all phases of social and cultural activity if that slogan had been obediently followed by those to whom it was directed. To suggest by contrast where man's place is in the outstanding civic interests of the day has become something like a duty. We said, at the beginning of these remarks, that the trouble was "a lack of common consciousness." A student might suggest that it is bound up causatively with the passing of the tavern and of the old-fashioned club. There are now places galore where one may get a bottle of beer by walking down a circle of steps; but there are few places where one can get an idea by any other process than sitting alone and waiting for it to arrive. For this situation the federation hopes to be a remedy. We wish it the greatest success—for the things it can do and for the things that it can see undone.

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WEEK BY WEEK

THE effect of United States note-writing upon active seditious elements in Central America will probably be approximately nothing. Years ago, when our envoys sailed into revolution-ridden countries about which they knew practically nothing, and supported factions which they guessed were progressive, there might have been an opportunity to lay the bases of agreements which would have preserved the peace and advanced the prestige of Washington. Today the errors of fifty seasons are being harvested. One thinks with regret of the brighter moments and the other hours that could have been used to advantage. Such a record as that left by Elihu Root—who, incidentally, arranged the only treaty that has ever meant much to the politicians of Nicaragua—is exceptional but salutary in remembrance. The present disturbances go back directly, however, to that unfortunate solution of the Madero-Huerta difficulty which President Wilson essayed in the interests of “constitutionalism.” This made the theory of revolution dominant. It accepted the belief that Mexico and its neighbor countries could be industrialized. It made the error—which has rather generally been the error of United States colonial practice—that the solution of the agrarian problem could wait until reading and writing had been stuffed into everybody. That error has created an impoverished Porto Rico, where every slump in business means a starving populace, and a Philippine situation characterized by oratorical hot-air and a stupid debate about independence which makes us all look foolish. But in spite of everything, the trouble in Nicaragua and Guatemala must be faced and, if

possible, settled. The Monroe Doctrine is both a tradition and a treadmill.

WHAT is most unfortunate about the development of this Doctrine is that nothing in the way of effective union between American countries has been established. Our country occupies the quaint position of an outsider who can be held responsible for the family squabbles. It might have been possible, for instance, to accept the leadership of Costa Rica in Central America, and with this as a foundation, to begin something like a federation of the varied republics. But now Mexico, appearing as a claimant to hegemony in its section of the Latin-American world, has virtually created an association of all revolutionary elements. These it aids with arms and money, adopting in the meantime a defiant attitude toward Washington. For what, after all, could Washington do? Nothing short of a complete sanitation of Mexico would remove the causes of the social disease. That communism attended with a peculiarly conscienceless attitude toward the responsibilities of government, is rampant everywhere south of the Rio Grande, is a political fact which might long since have been taken for granted. The present relations between Mexico and Nicaragua are only another symptom of an evil that is universally corrosive. What to do, is an interesting problem which we have no ambitions to solve. Perhaps a lucid answer might be expected of those who, dwelling in the security of the United States, fancy that the conservative social doctrine of the Catholic Church has been an obstacle to Mexican “social progress.” Perhaps people like Mr. John Dewey have a recipe for stopping murder in Mexico. We are listening with what is, however, considerably more a mood of scepticism than of hopefulness.

BY the new charter of the British empire, adopted by the Imperial Conference, Canada is given status of absolute equality with Great Britain. The king remains sovereign of the Dominion, and will continue to be represented by a governor-general, but that official no longer will personate the British government. There is here something more than a distinction in terms of self-government; there is a difference which must be discernible to all Americans who realize how closely the future of their neighbor to the north is linked with that of the United States. What will Canada make of her new powers? The possibilities of agricultural development in the Dominion—east as well as west—are limitless; the potentialities for industrial expansion scarcely can be provisioned. But progress of farm and of factory in Canada must be predicated upon the possession of man-power—and man-power is Canada's most pressing problem. How seriously this problem is regarded was made manifest at the very conference, which, in enlarging her sovereignty, also increased the duties and obligations of the Dominion—for much of

the time of the imperial gathering was given to the elaboration of a definite plan of emigration to Canada.

WITH these facts in mind, some official figures issued from Ottawa while the Imperial Conference was in session in London, are somewhat startling. These showed that the living births in the English-speaking provinces of the Dominion for the month of February of this year—the last month of record—were the lowest of any February for six years. Of the 17,852 living births recorded last February, 11,447 were in the eight English-speaking provinces, with the remaining 6,405 in the French-speaking province of Quebec. British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island all showed declines which were far from being offset by the reported increases of only 4 and 38 respectively in New Brunswick and Manitoba. In embracing her new opportunities, Canada would appear to be confronted by the obligation of dealing drastically with a danger which, masked as the “new morality,” shows itself as a deterrent of material well-being.

THE great virtue of the jury trial in which Albert B. Fall and Edward L. Doheny will be the defendants, is that the whole matter is thus definitely taken out of politics. For months, some prominent newspapers have gone ahead talking as if the men indicted were obviously guilty, and as if they therefore cast aspersion upon an entire administration. It is assumed that “graft” so obvious and notorious is a matter which ought to arouse the public to vigorous protest against the way in which it is being governed. Meanwhile, everybody seems to have overlooked the fact that both defendants are as yet legally men with good reputations, and that the past of both is, to some extent at least, a record of honest achievement and public service. Now, at last, there is a chance to come out into the open with the whole story. If there be guilt, let the court uncover it and mete out appropriate punishment. But should the verdict prove an acquittal, many moons will pass before the allegations of villainy are wholly silenced. No recent case, it seems to us, demonstrates more clearly the abiding necessity for tribunals as a check to public opinion. For all the sluggishness this manifests in the conduct of ordinary affairs, there is a compensating vehemence and intolerance when any special issue is once seized upon. The great danger of democracy, from the individual's point of view, is its momentum. He can't set the thing in motion when he cares to, and once it starts rolling, only time will bring it to a halt.

THE arrival of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, on the heels of various other distinguished English actors and musicians, calls attention to the very real plight of London artists. It seems that the spurt taken at the close of Victoria's reign has thudded out in a stale un-

profitableness crowned by cinema successes. There is no money to be made and no endowment to be looked for. To some extent, the condition is not restricted to Great Britain. Various German critics have lately been bemoaning the “collapse” of the serious theatre, and everybody knows what has happened in Paris. One might hunt out a variety of causes, and some persons are ready with remedial suggestions. It may be that the “problem repertory,” so dear to the naturalists who managed things just before the war, bores the contemporary public to tears and must be superseded with a newer and more vital form of drama. But at any rate, much could be done with money in behalf of older and always beautiful plays. A country deprived of the great words which have been spoken on the stage during generations is stripped of one of its best spiritual possessions. It is a pity the matter did not appeal to Mr. George Bernard Shaw when he found himself burdened with money attached to the Nobel Prize. His preference for internationalized culture was, of course, his own business, and may do good. Besides, it has the exquisite advantage of being thoroughly Shavian—a quality which most people would, no doubt, also have admired if the witty playwright had simply and silently pocketed the cash.

DOES Mr. Shaw merit the Nobel award? Beyond any question, European critics could have selected no writer of English more honestly. Mr. Shaw's influence upon the German theatre, for instance, has been almost incalculably great. When one notes that the vogue of many of his plays, even in very poor translations, has exceeded that of first-rate native dramatists, it is apparent that his name has been mentioned in rather important critical circles. Perhaps, as Herr Bry, an excellent critic, has pointed out, much of genuine Shavianism was completely missed by Teutonic audiences. But the mere fact that he could rise above such sacrificial demands emphasizes Mr. Shaw's universality and efficacy. He has always been an idealist—at least in the sense that he has been hopefully sincere. However strongly one may doubt that all his skilful fencing has really extricated him from the meshes of his time, or that his fetich of cleverness suffered him to whack away at an abiding bas-relief of human nature, the fact remains that he is grand—in the old sense—intellectually and even emotionally. The Nobel Prize people were probably influenced by Saint Joan. They have always been faithful to their admiration for imagination devoted to the contemplation of history. Possibly the criticism implied may be of some value to Mr. Shaw.

MUCH water has flowed under many bridges since Samuel Johnson, in order to escape the pains and penalties of that terrible engine, British parliamentary privilege, was driven to write up debates in the House of Commons under the camouflage of fiction; and since

Montesquieu used the realm of Persia as a device for pointing out the political faults of a country much nearer home. Today the latitude allowed the political writer, at least in countries where the liberal ideal of government has survived, is pretty complete. Liberty, however, can be abused, and in the strictures just voiced by the Earl of Birkenhead, it is possible to see more than a grain of justification. The *Whispering Gallery*, just disavowed and withdrawn from sale in England, seems to be about as unfortunate a means of familiarizing the public with the frailties of their governors as could be devised. Its authorship, ascribed to a very well-known and courtly diplomat, has been disavowed; it turns out to be the work of a writer with no great authority; and owing to the circumstances of the case, inevitable discredit falls upon its accuracy and credibility.

IN extending his remarks to cover authors who have signed their names to memoirs of a frank nature, such as Colonel Repington, Colonel House, and the Countess of Oxford, however, the Secretary of State for India carries his case a little farther than most people will care to follow him. One may regard the haste of respected figures in public life to rush into print as part of the general let-down in post-war ethics, and yet hesitate to join the British statesman in regarding them as outraging the "rules of decent behavior." To be quite logical, the charge would have to include, not only the writers who make money by communicating to the public "intimate" news reserved usually for club sanctums and political sanhedrins, but those who repeat and give them currency inside the circle of the initiated. Showing bad temper when the leak widens sufficiently to let the public in, leaves questions of loyalty just about where they were, and the old Latin motto, "*vox missa nescit reverti*," might well be taken to heart by those who should know how far whispers can carry.

MRS. POYSER'S statement that some conversationalists go on merely because there "is summat wrong with their insides," would be fairly applicable to the now famous Hall trial. After a month of evidence-giving, the mystery is precisely what it used to be in the good old days when it was presumably safely interred. All the cranks, and the oddities, the solitaries and the bridge sharks, of New Jersey have contradicted themselves magnificently. A cortège of the world's greatest reporters has caught every angle and every curve. Never before has the art of comment been given such a resplendent opportunity. The facial specialists have read the grooves in all the principal faces. The Reverend Billy Sunday has speculated about the immortal whereabouts of the pretty victim. And the American public has been regaled as never before. If, as now seems likely, the whole musty business is going to end in a draw, somebody may well begin to calculate the beneficent effects of an aired

skeleton. It is not so much a case of lawyers' accounts and trial costs. If the matter had not concerned a minister of the Gospel, it would long since have been voted desperately tedious. The whole life of the trial has lain in the circumstance that a man who preached did not practise. And we presume it must naturally be considered an important accession to the treasures of American civilization that such failings become the subject-matter of curiosity during futile and gossipy months. The tabloid papers have, of course, enjoyed their golden opportunity. It was an evil day when ghastly reconstructions of the scene, or lyrical descriptions of some tangent love-affair, could not be introduced to startle sober folk clean out of their wits. Small wonder that the lady from Pocono described this as a "conversational century."

MOUNTAIN scenery lends the territory of which Scranton, Pennsylvania, is the centre, a ragged and yet singularly appealing beauty. There prevails a definite primitiveness of forest and stream, of remoteness from the artificial metropolitan scene, which suggests very strongly certain mountainous regions of central Europe. But Scranton has for years been the fateful battleground of a great struggle for disposition of the mining industry—disposition, that is, of the profits which far too customarily were turned into dividends before the worker had received his honest share. Now years of bitter fighting have at last brought improvement. The modest homes are a little more attractive, and the families who live in them somewhat more safe from destitution. Always the part played by the spiritual leaders of the people, the support and encouragement given by them, was a highly important element in the defense and culture of the miners. What this has meant is earnestly led to mind by the passing of the Right Reverend Michael J. Hoban, Catholic bishop of Scranton. Revered by thousands who came to view his dead body, the Bishop is mourned by countless other thousands who never saw him in the flesh but honored in him a friend. In him were exemplified these old words by Kenelm Digby: "Chivalry is only a name for that general spirit or state of mind which disposes men to heroic and generous actions and keeps them conversant with all that is beautiful and sublime in the intellectual and moral world."

NEWS of the sudden death of Mr. Charles P. J. Mooney, editor of the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, is too much of a shock to permit just now a calm appraisal of the man and his work. He had learned the newspaper profession through a series of humble beginnings and later rapidly widening responsibilities; and when opportunity came to develop the *Commercial Appeal* into one of the greatest newspapers in the "new South," he was fully prepared to carry a titanic burden and at the same time to maintain the highest

standards rigidly. Mr. Mooney believed in the power of the daily journal as a moulder of public opinion, and the code of civic ethics to which he adhered honorably was consistently reflected in all he wrote and dealt with. From the professional point of view, he was highly successful and grew naturally into a great many positions of trust. As a man, he possessed that lovable firmness of character, that loyalty to friends and convictions, which seem characteristic of the South at its very best. We may add here that no American editor was more deeply interested in the work of *The Commonwealth* or coöperated with it more regularly. He was, of course, a sincere Catholic and gave much of his time and thought to matters in which religion and citizenship meet. But he remained outspoken in expressing convictions which did not coincide with those held by the majority, and was well known, for instance, as an ardent supporter of prohibition. His memory is virile and instructive even if darkened now by sorrow at his going.

THE PEOPLE TO A QUEEN

ROYAL publicity agents, as a contemporary innovation, doubtless have something to be said in their favor or they would not be brightening our prosaic streets and imposing new problems on worried traffic authorities. But they have the disadvantage that the publicity they create is not completely within their own control. The good will which they aim to build up remains dependent upon the nature of the collateral behind it. One result, at least, of Queen Marie's progress through our Union has been to attract embarrassing attention to conditions in the country of which her husband is king, and to give an opportunity for a good deal of resentment that has been gathering here for years to find its expression, over names that cannot be ignored, for they represent many categories and many communions.

Briefly, the memorial to the Queen of Roumania, now signed by sixty representative Americans, including Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, and which follows on the next page of this issue of *The Commonwealth*, is concerned with the treatment of religious minorities in King Carol's kingdom. The grievance is an old one, but it was accentuated when, after Roumania's tardy and futile entry into the great war on behalf of the Allies, her shift of policy was rewarded by large grants of territory, including Bessarabia and Transylvania, the latter a positive crazy-quilt of diverse tongues, races, and religions. A wise and enlightened government would have risen to the occasion and seized the opportunity to put through a measure of toleration called for by the inclusion of 4,000,000 souls within her boundaries who owned allegiance to other than the Greek Orthodox Church.

There is too much evidence, however, that Roumania's government is neither enlightened nor wise

and that the effect of finding her proportion of non-Roumanian subjects raised from 4 to 25 percent has only been to accentuate a condition which permits the *New York Nation*, with some excuse, to describe the country as "one of the plague spots . . . of Europe."

Naturally, the petition which was presented to the Queen of Roumania just before her departure from America used more moderate language. But the evidence behind it was quite strong enough to pierce through the courtly phrases usual on such occasions. A brief summary of conditions printed and distributed by *The Independent* of Boston, which has acted as publicity medium for the petition that has been signed, tells us that "several commissions which have gone into Roumania in the past seven years—in 1919, 1922, and 1924—have reported even more specifically of the persistent wrongs, especially the commission of 1924, which has been widely read and commended for its accuracy and restraint."

In asking Roumania's popular queen, who has, on the whole, earned her title as "Mother of the Balkans," to use her great influence to secure legislative measures which will do away with the discrimination exercised against 4,000,000 Roumanian subjects who are racially Magyars, Saxons and Hebrews, and religiously Baptists, Jews, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and Unitarians, the petition draws attention to dangers that not only threaten Roumania's domestic peace, but through her, and in view of the attitude of unreconciled Russia over the loss of Bessarabia, to the peace of Europe. In a conversation between Dr. Louis C. Cornish and the Honorable G. Duca, Roumanian Minister of Foreign Affairs, reported by *The Independent*, the startling admission was made that, should war break out, the racial minority, comprising, as has been stated, a quarter of the population, stands ready to rebel and would join the enemy. So menacing, in fact, did the Foreign Minister consider the situation, that he took what at first sight seems the strange step of requesting the help of the commission to better matters.

One of the objects of Queen Marie's visit to our shores has admittedly been to solicit financial aid through American financiers for the development of Roumanian internal resources. The position which this country has attained as the world's banker may have its disadvantages. But it undoubtedly gives our people a remarkable opportunity to bring their ideas on decency and tolerance to bear when there is occasion for examining the security with which any loan is to be backed, and which it is useless to pretend begins and ends with material resources. Years ago, in the brave days of insurgency, there was much talk about big money "tainted" at its source. That money can be tainted at its destination is a newer discovery. But the more frankly it is recognized the more will the reproach that attaches to international finance be in a fair way to removal.

PETITION TO THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA:

WE present to Your Majesty our respectful salutations, and as citizens of the United States we welcome you to our country as an honored guest.

We take advantage of your presence here to petition Your Majesty to give your distinguished personal consideration to those religious minorities in Roumania suffering under the practice of discriminations: Baptists, Jews, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Unitarians, and Roman Catholics. We know that hopeful progress has already been made by the Roumanian government toward a solution of this problem. We rejoice that the condition of these minorities has been bettered, but much remains to be done; and it is our conviction that if your royal influence could be further exerted on their behalf their present condition would be vastly improved.

We hope that Your Majesty may continue to enjoy your visit, and wish you Godspeed upon your homeward journey.

HAROLD S. BOARDMAN, President, University of Maine.*
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MEXICO—WHITHER AND WHENCE?

By JOHN KEPPLER

(This is the first of two articles by Mr. Keppler, setting forth the character of Mexican civilization and the background of the present struggle. The author is an American attorney who once represented the Farm-Labor party and who has just returned from a year's study of conditions south of the Rio Grande. He was intimately acquainted with many prominent Mexican officials. It may be added that he is not a member of the Catholic Church and that all his life he has been associated with movements for social reform. The second article will follow in an early issue.—The Editors.)

RARE are the men who make history; still rarer the men who see history in the making. When white man met red man, two great migrations, like giant armies upon some vast battlefield, engaged each other for the possession of this hemisphere; yet the significance of the event was not grasped by those who participated, nor gauged by the historians who came immediately after. Four centuries have passed; far and wide the West has extended her empires, but the final scene in this world drama has not been enacted. Before the fast-advancing hosts of the Occident, the Orient has retreated but not surrendered. So long as Mexico remains racially distinct and politically independent, the conquest cannot be called complete. Whether it will ever become complete the present revolutionary epoch will determine.

Despite his oriental features and characteristics, the ancient origin of the American Indian was long enshrouded in deep mystery, even the lost, submerged Atlantis being made to account for the beginning of his race.

A hundred years ago, Humboldt observed that Tchuchis were accustomed annually to cross Bering Strait in small boats for the purpose of warring upon American tribes. Neither did his keen eye overlook in many Mexican proper names the Chinese termination, "tsin." Haeckel defied the centuries when he traced from Asia, across Bering Strait, the great current of ancient migration to the Americas. Tung Dekien shows that in the literature of China before the Christian era, mention is made of an empire, named Fu-Sang, situated many thousand miles "east of the oriental sea," whither Chinese, Mongols, and Tartars had migrated to escape an excess of population and persecution. Hrdlicka stimulates interest still further. Returning from a recent archaeological survey of Alaska, he said there was not the slightest doubt that Asiatics came to North America by way of the Alaskan peninsula. Whether Alaska then joined the mainland of Asia; whether the Aleutian Islands existed to serve as stepping-stones, so to speak, from the old world to the new, can make little difference—for navigation was not unknown to the ancients of the East, as is shown

by Heou-Han, who wrote of a country "which one reaches after a year's sailing."

Landing in Alaska, migration drifted naturally to the more fertile regions and the sunnier climes of the South, although scattering tribes made their way to the frozen Arctic: the Esquimaux of our time. That the Mexican Indians formed part of these ancient migrations can no longer be questioned. Further research may assign a like origin to the Incas of Peru, and it is left to be revealed whether Mexico did not also belong to the prehistoric empire of Fu-Sang!

Earliest to inhabit the country were the Maya-Quiches, their migration beginning perhaps more than five thousand years ago. Excelling in astronomy, making use of the picture-word as a medium of expression, and building temples to the sun gods of the East, they developed a culture which flourished many centuries. Yucatan is still the home of the Mayas, and Merida, their capital, stands upon the site of an ancient village, bearing the Chinese name of T-ho. According to Mercante, the Maya-Quiches "related that their forefathers, who came from the land of the sun, crossed the sea over the ice." Second in point of time were the Zapotecs, a kindred tribe; also highly cultured. Tradition credits them with a superior religion, based upon the immortality of the soul, and with having maintained a thousand years of peace. Zapotec architecture "combined the solidarity of the works of Egypt with the elegance of those of Greece." Likewise migrating from the North, the Zapotecs settled in the mountains of Oaxaca, which continue to shelter them. The middle of the sixth century found the Mixtecs, probably a branch of the Zapotecs, inhabiting the remoter parts of these mountains. By the seventh century, the Otomies, an isolated tribe of cave-dwellers but strikingly Chinese in features and language, had occupied the northern and central plateaus. From the Gila river-valley in Arizona, during the seventh century, came the Toltecs. Husbandmen, artisans and builders, they gradually penetrated the territory of the Otomies, where cities were reared and a great empire rose which lasted four centuries.

Legend attributes the downfall of the Toltecs to persecution of their god-priest, Quetzalcoatl, who had come from Asia to teach them Buddhism; another cause is said to have been the discovery of pulque, an intoxicating liquor made from the sap of the maguey; still another, and a more likely one, a succession of crop failures, followed by famine and the plague. A numerous and hardier tribe, the Chichimecs, then entered from the North, and in their wake came the Tecpanecs, Acolhuans, and Tlascaltecs. The twelfth or thirteenth century brought the Aztecs. Settling in

Anahuac, the present valley of Mexico, 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, they named their settlement Tenochtitlan. At the site of what is now the city of Mexico, the Aztec vanguard came upon an eagle, perched upon a cactus, the royal bird holding in his beak the neck, and in his talons, the tail, of a serpent. Thus, if legend may be trusted, the gods had indicated to the Aztecs the location of their new empire, for they in truth believed themselves to be a "chosen people."

Early in the fifteenth century, Spaniards landed on the Gulf coast, in command of the resolute Cortez, and soon they occupied Tenochtitlan. With the Spanish invasion the current of Indian tribal migration to Mexico came to an end, but Montezuma, the king of the Aztecs, did not relinquish his crown without proudly recalling the ancient ancestry of his people. "Does the reader remember," writes Mercante, "the speech in which Montezuma, upon handing over his throne to Cortez, related that 'for a long time have we known that our forefathers were of those men that traveled in sailboats and were orientals from distant regions'?"

If the best blood of a race may be said to course in its pioneers, then the American Indians and those who inhabited Mexico before the Spanish conquest were the flower of the Orient, for they were pioneers in every sense of the word. But, reflective in mood, the Indian drifted into mystic abandon as naturally as did his historic forbear of the East. Graceful, poetic and anarchic; given to worship of ancestry and the elements, fatalism found in him its true incarnation.

It is difficult for the western mind to understand the soul of the Orient. To the oriental, space and time mean nothing; the exact sciences of the West are but man-made standards, useful perhaps, but not universally true. He feels himself at one with the universe, and because he feels, he understands; to him life and death are no more than the eternal recurrence of things. Considered by the West a dreamer, a child, among the "backward" of the earth, he might answer, if inclined to answer at all: "But you build civilizations only to see them crumble to dust, never learning life's fuller, nobler meaning. You travel very fast toward a goal, yet the universe itself is without goal. For a time we admired your poetry, but, alas, it was merely a transition—a becoming—it was merely the anticipation of a joy unreal!" That attitude toward life and toward the West the Mexican Indian has not lost, and much of Mexican history is thereby explained.

Cortez conquered the Aztecs with a handful of less than five hundred white men, aided by the Tlascaltecs, who, from motives of expediency, had joined him. What Montezuma feared, however, was not this union of Spaniard and Tlascaltec, but the possibility that Cortez might be none other than the god, Quetzalcoatl, returning to punish the Toltecs and their suc-

cessors for the persecution he suffered when in the flesh of a priest. Of what use to resist a god? Without any tempest whatever, Lake Texcoco became suddenly agitated, pouring its angry waters into the streets of Tenochtitlan; one of the temples mysteriously caught an inextinguishable fire; three comets appeared in the skies the same night, and a strange light broke forth in the East! Astrologers predicted disaster and the speedy end of the empire. While Montezuma pondered and feared, Cortez acted; and thus, as if by some magic wand, was drawn the curtain upon cultures which now have naught but the charm of antiquity to sustain them.

Catholicism, as taught by the early friars, the Indian willingly embraced; nevertheless, the Church influenced him spiritually no more than he outwardly influenced the Church—a mutual influence which persists to this day. However, when the crown granted lands to the conquerors in tracts so extensive that agriculture and stock-raising could be carried on only with hired labor—tracts which often included even Indian villages, with their agricultural and grazing commons—and when the Indian was assigned to labor for his conqueror in field and in mine, he encountered a force which was destined to have far-reaching effects. In his ancient empire, private property meant little. While he reared cities and built empires, his social organization did not lose its tribal qualities; in many cases, too, it was not far removed from the nomadic stage. In oriental fashion, he dwelt in his village, tilling the adjoining lands in common with his fellow-tribesmen. That free and essentially rural life—that independent livelihood—300 years of conquest destroyed, leaving him, instead, to depend upon a patronizing, enervating tutelage, which, however kind it may be claimed to have been, ultimately forced him into complete serfdom. And more—Indian women became the wives of Spanish men, and with their children adopted western standards of living.

Picture, then, the ethnic alloy into which this once proud nation was hammered upon the anvil of foreign conquest. Humboldt, in 1803, divided the native races as follows: Creoles (pure whites of Castilian descent but born in Mexico) 1,000,000; Mestizos (of mixed Castilian and Indian blood) 2,000,000; and pure Indians, 2,500,000. There was also the foreign colony—the Gachupines (Spaniards born in Spain) whom all the native elements disliked—the Creoles the more because in appointment to official position the government favored the Gachupine. Creoles were influential in the Church and powerful in the country's economic life; Mestizos inclined to the lighter occupations; but at bottom remained the Indian, the menial.

The revolution which brought political independence began with Indian uprisings, but was a failure until Creoles took command. Hidalgo, an aged Creole priest, in 1810 voiced his never to be forgotten, "El Grito de Dolores"—the cry which sounded the be-

ginning of the end of Spanish rule. Auspicious was the moment, Spain being then, like the rest of Europe, at sword's-point with Napoleon the Great. Hidalgo captured and executed Morelos, a Mestizo curate; next took charge, to meet an even worse fate. First tortured by his captors, he was led to the edge of his grave and shot. Guerrero and Itúrbide succeeded; in 1825, the last of Spain's forces sailed from Vera Cruz, and the republic of Mexico became a reality.

Political supremacy since independence has rested largely with the Mestizos, the notable exceptions being Juárez—a pure Zapotec, Mexico's only Indian President, a barefoot boy of the Oaxaca Mountains risen to greatness—and the group of Creoles who gathered about Díaz, himself a Mestizo. From 1825 to 1864, the republic had thirty-five different Presidents and dictators. In that period of thirty-nine years, the executive power changed hands fifty-six times—generally by force. During the period from 1864 to 1884, seven changes in government took place, and once more in 1864, the nation bowed to a foreign foe, Maximilian, who was crowned emperor with the support of French bayonets, only to fall before a firing squad when France, upon the protest of the United States, withdrew her troops. To Juárez belongs the credit of wresting his native land from this second foreign conquest, which was short-lived. From 1884 to 1910, under Díaz, an enforced peace prevailed within the country, and friendly relations were maintained abroad. Since 1910, five bloody revolutions have come and gone—the last in 1923 and 1924. Only three times in 100 years has the executive power been

peacefully transferred from one President to another; the last when Calles succeeded Obregon two years ago.

Until 1884, economic power rested largely with the Church and with the Creoles; at present more than two-thirds of the country's wealth is in foreign hands. Religiously, the people remain overwhelmingly Catholic. According to Thompson, the population in 1910 represented: 1,150,000 Creoles; 8,000,000 Mestizos; and 6,000,000 Indians. The number of Creoles has since been greatly diminished. To these different groups must be added the various foreign colonies, comprised mostly of Americans, English, Germans, Spaniards and French, with property interests to manage and protect. Peonage (forced labor for debt) followed the conquest; independence brought turbulence; revolution poverty. Humboldt likened Mexico to "a beggar sitting upon a sack of gold." Thompson pictures her a surging Indian sea, recurringly washing from its shores the castles erected by the white man. Undoubtedly, the prime mover toward unrest has been the Indian, but in the words of Brancroft, "in his own land where the law grants him the title of citizen," the Indian "is regarded by the few as a useful machine only; and by the mass either as an undesirable intruder, an incubus, a dead-weight, or as an outcast. . . . No wonder, then, that he draws back in sullen stubbornness, and clings to old customs."

Superficially, one sees Church and state again in conflict, land legislation taking an anti-foreign turn, and petroleum rights once more the subject of diplomatic correspondence; but all are paper-problems, which a stroke of the government pen would solve.

SEVEN SINS OF "THE CHURCHES"

By HENRY S. WHITEHEAD

"AMERICAN Christianity," broadly considered, is sectarian. I see seven things the matter with it. Speaking as an American of long heredity and profound conviction, I share the view of the majority that Christianity is the most important element of our national life.

I believe this to be the view of the majority because I imagine the active church-members and Christianity's many American critics outnumber the hostile and the totally indifferent. There seems to be so many critics in these United States that a pessimist might well wonder how many people are left to practise it.

The first major difficulty, as I see it, is that most Christians are using a substitute. Christ, the unquestioned Founder, created an organism, the One, Holy, Universal, Apostolic Church, which remained virtually intact until Martin Luther's challenge and secession 409 years ago brought the Protestant movement into existence. This is a disintegrating movement. There are more than one hundred kinds of "Chris-

tianity" in the United States. Each of these sects had a human founder. Methodists look back to John Wesley, born in 1702, before whom there were no Methodists. Congregationalists look further back, to Robert Browne; Christian Scientists to the more modern Mary Baker G. Eddy. All these humanly-founded organizations effected a greater or less separation from the organism founded by Christ. Each is prone to regard its organization as either an improvement upon that organism, or as identical with it. In the case of any humanly-founded "church," both these hypotheses are demonstrable absurdities.

Every sect has repudiated one or more of the distinguishing marks of the original organism. This is merely a non-controversial truism, germane to the fact that schism is not a sectarian sin. This is not only frankly admitted, but actually asserted by each sect, with reasons of "apologetic"—i.e., explanatory—nature. Such bodies, considered together, make up the numerical preponderance of "American Christianity."

Such separation involves spiritual and material diffusion of force, energy, and resources; duplication in religious services and with respect to the relations of these separated bodies to the sick, the poor, the sinful, etc. Their variety is confusing and destructively wasteful. If the Church, or even, for argument's sake, any one sect, correctly represents "the mind of Christ," all the others must, necessarily, be more or less wrong. This is obvious in fact as well as logically. When Christian sectarians attempt to work out their greatest common multiple of "Christianity," the residuum never equals a working basis, even though it be reported as "encouraging" and impressive by the optimists engaged in this popular exercise. Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and the Eastern Orthodox claim to have remained within the organism. Americans can pick and choose their "Christianity." This condition is flatly subversive of Christ's basic teaching that the Church should be one.

The second trouble is ineptitude—inevitable consequence of variety. It is obviously inept to maintain six small "churches" in a town of 1800 people. It is less obviously inept though destructively more so, to abandon the original organism on some issue and then abandon the issue while retaining the separate organization! This has been the history of the sects, very generally. Another basic ineptitude is the discipline, a sectarian substitute for the Christian ethics derived from the example and teaching of Christ and the experience of the historic Church through 2,000 years. The discipline, with hardly a bowing acquaintance with Christian ethics, is peculiar to "Evangelical" sectarians, and is thus summarized: the "Christian" must not drink, smoke, dance, attend the theatre, or play cards. The discipline expresses the sectarian idea of Christian conduct. It has no appreciable relation to the example or teachings of Christ; it cannot be reasonably supported "out of the Scriptures"; it is superficial, as having no direct relation with the deeper affairs of human life; it is commonly practised very loosely among those who hold it theoretically; it is negative. Getting drunk or too full of food; dancing inordinately; overattendance at dramatic performances, or countenancing immoral shows; smoking to excess; inordinate gambling to the material injury of self or dependents—these are sins, condemned by the Christian religion and its handmaid, common sense. Christ "went about doing good," never finding fault with amusements harmless in themselves. His first recorded miracle was turning water into wine on an occasion where the guests at a wedding feast had consumed all that had been provided.

The third trouble is "American Christianity's" cheapness. Poverty as a state of life undertaken for the purpose of better serving God, has the sanction of some eighteen centuries of legitimate Christian usage. But "holy poverty" (as exemplified by Saint Francis of Assisi, and his foundations, the Friars

Minor and the Poor Clares) has no perceptible relationship to the starveling ministries of sectarianism—the claptrap methods of the cheap-john for the raising of "church funds," the undignified competition for "members," or any of the other characteristic devices identified with sectarianism.

The fourth trouble is the offensive mental state of critical superiority characterizing that narrow-minded sectarian class generally called "church people."

The fifth is exploitability. "American Christianity" is being exploited by every aspirant with something to "put across" or something to sell. This has been going on, continuously, ever since there has been a United States mail. Waste-basket literature comes in a steady stream to American clergymen, whose names probably constitute the largest single "sucker list" in existence. Quack schemes are tried out on the impecunious sectarian minister, from urging him to distribute "wildcat" stock to his congregation, to becoming agent for some patent jelly!

The sixth trouble is the clerical tendency to experiment in "personality stuff." This ranges from the bookcase-religion foisted upon his congregation by some studious crank, all the way to the severer forms of personality run wild. The "news-value" of certain "Evangelical" or "Modernist" shouters is a commonplace in American life.

The last is the widespread misconception of the Bible's place in the Christian religion. The Bible is not, never was, and could not be, the basis or foundation of the Christian religion. Thirty-nine of its sixty-six books (the Old Testament) are Jewish. Each of the remaining twenty-seven books (the New Testament) was composed by a person (or possibly persons) already Christians—members of the Church founded by Christ, which had been functioning for years before a word of the New Testament was written down. This fact is not related to the question of inspiration.

The Christian portion of the Bible is thus a product of the Church—not its basis; not, even, its background. Its Christian value (enormous) is entirely devotional and evidential (including its widespread homiletic use). The wholly erroneous and illogical view that the Bible is the foundation-stone of the Christian religion was first seriously alleged by Luther, who attempted to set aside the authority of the Church and to substitute the demonstrable absurdity that the Bible is the source of Christianity. This absurdity is one of the very few matters upon which sectarian Christians are in complete agreement. If the falsity of this assumption were one generally realized (and it requires no more than definite statement to make it obvious) the futility of the "Fundamentalist-Modernist" controversy, now raging and wasting the time, energy, and resources of millions of Americans, would at once become apparent. This controversy has, basically, nothing to do with the Christian religion.

The name of the remedy for this complication of

diseases affecting our characteristic "American Christianity" is Christian unity. To secure this desideratum, as Christ prayed for its continuance—"that they may all be one"—a long, hard road must be traveled by American Christians; many prejudices overcome, many exercises of individual and corporate humility performed. A great and sweeping change must come over the majority of "American Christians" if they are ever to make Christianity count in our land. There are many, of course, who will have nothing to do with Christianity. To these it seems a wild medley of frustrations and cross-purposes. Probably most of these have seen sectarianism and believed it to be Christianity. It is hard to blame such persons, because the quantitatively "bigger half" of American Christianity is not only unauthentic according to Christianity's own historic tests, but wastes such power as it possesses through placing emphasis upon the wrong things.

Of the three Christian bodies claiming identity with the original organism, or a high degree of participation therein, along with historical continuity (the apostolic succession) the Roman Catholic Church is by far the strongest, quantitatively, in the United States. In the matters of general organization and ideals, Anglicans and such of the Eastern Orthodox as are represented in our country, are more or less at one with her. Sectarians, in general, fear and hate her, and possess diverse ideas with respect to ideals and organization. It may be said that all other Christian bodies are lined up against the Roman Catholic Church.

Perhaps the chief uniting consideration in this alignment is the general sectarian belief that Roman Catholics are, somehow, a "foreign" group—i.e., not so much a church with a preponderatingly large membership of non-Americans, but (more importantly) a body owing its allegiance to a foreign power—the Papacy. Among certain sectarian denominations this feeling has grown into a settled dread and fear, expressed by an open hostility, a large portion of which state of mind is due to ignorance and unreasoning prejudice. So far, the Roman Catholic Church has failed generally to commend itself to Americans as a basis for unity.

Anglicans are divided among themselves, according to the lines of demarkation indicated by their three historic schools of thought: Anglo-Catholic ("High Church"); Evangelical ("Low Church"); and Modernist ("Broad Church"). Anglicanism would offer a logical basis for unity if it could be reconciled internally in questions of "churchmanship" and practice. The sympathies of individual Anglicans (in America "the Protestant Episcopal Church") are, of course, divided according to the school of thought most prevalent among local memberships; American Anglicanism (which possesses influence far beyond its relatively small membership) thus diffusing its forces

to the vanishing point so far as the possible exercise of a reconciling function is concerned.

The Eastern Orthodox have made little impression upon American life. Conversions to this type of the Christian religion are very few and far between in the United States. This body hardly comes into consideration here for that reason. The general run of Americans hardly consider the Eastern Orthodox, unless occasionally, and then academically. This church has the general reputation of being "static," and hopelessly (for "American" religious purposes) "ritualistic." It seems never to have aroused the enmity of the "fighting type" of sectarians—possibly because it is, itself, outspokenly "non-Roman," or even "anti-Roman"—qualities which would serve to commend it to sectarians generally.

Reconciliation among these three "historic Catholic churches" as a broad basis for church unity is as yet only in its academic stages. Something has been done on all three fronts: rapprochement between Roman Catholics and Anglicans (as in the Malines Conversations); between Roman Catholics and the Eastern Orthodox (by way of submission to the former) in the cases of Uniate clergy and congregations, "Ruthenians," etc.; many ecclesiastical courtesies exchanged between Anglicans and the Orthodox, especially since post-war persecutions of the latter have made tracts of Eastern Orthodoxy subject to the application of Christian charity.

"Pan-Protestantism"—i.e., "unity" to the exclusion of Roman Catholics and with little attention paid to the Orthodox, or to Anglicans other than extremists of the "Evangelical" and "Broad Church" orders, would seem, if ever consummated, to divide sectarianism and the adherents of historic Christianity more sharply and decisively than ever before.

Christian unity, from every rational and spiritual viewpoint, can be worthy of its name only if it is generally inclusive and is remedial of the general conditions which have been outlined here.

So Chaste a Thing Is Loneliness

So chaste a thing is loneliness, so proud
A state, I wonder why the lonely weep,
Who, pure and cold as children in their sleep,
Meet angels, unbewildered and unbowed,
And speak them, with such grace are they endowed!
Like royal strangers, self-contained and deep,
The favor of their thoughts is disallowed
Since they have rich reserves that they must keep—
Oh, let no one confuse them with the crowd!
But let all see their faces, singular
And celibate each one as some white star,
Behold their pain and envy their despair,
The splendor of their arrogance forlorn,
And only ask forever what they mourn—
So chaste a thing is loneliness, so rare.

AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL.

MAN AND THE MICROSCOPE

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

IN ONE of the Lay Sermons, Huxley writes of "our great antagonist—I speak as a man of science—the Roman Catholic Church, the one spiritual organization which is able to resist, and must as a matter of life and death, resist, the progress of science and modern civilization." It may be well to consider the circumstances which served as the context of this very cocksure deliverance. Its author had recently been on a visit to Maynooth, the well-known place of education for Irish priests. He was much struck with the place and the professors. "It seemed to me that the difference between these men and the comfortable champions of Anglicanism and of Dissent, was comparable to the difference between our gallant volunteers and the trained veterans of Napoleon's Old Guard."

The inversion of the sentence makes it awkward reading, but the meaning is obvious. "The Catholic priest," he continues, "is trained to know his business, and do it effectually." He asked how the young students would be able to withstand the tempest raised by science as then expounded. The reply was: The same as in the past. "The heresies of the day are explained to them by their professors of philosophy and science, and they are taught how these heresies are to be met." Huxley's final judgment was: "I heartily respect an organization which faces its enemies in this way; and I wish that all ecclesiastical organizations were in as effective a condition." It must be confessed that all this leaves one not a little puzzled. The Church, which cannot exist side by side with science, yet maintains professors of science to teach its embryo clergymen—evidently able and competent, from what Huxley tells us, for without exception he declares that the professors were "learned, zealous and determined." Where is the conflict? It can be in only one direction. These able men, whilst teaching the facts of science, differed from Huxley and his colleagues in some of the implications drawn from these facts. They told their students that they did, and why they did, and so were charged with resisting the progress of civilization and showing that the Catholic Church was the necessary opponent of science.

Well, we all know that "orthodoxy is my doxy," and even so it was Huxley in the Mivart case. Mivart ventured to put out his hand and touch the ark of the covenant by criticizing Darwin's recently published *Origin of Species*. His criticisms were of a purely scientific character; they caused Darwin to make some alterations in later editions, which have in many ways since been justified. But he appended some pages from the writings of the fathers of the Church, to

show, what few then knew, that their utterances, so far from being opposed to evolution, were more than patient of it. Seeing that at the moment, ecclesiastics outside the Church, from Samuel Wilberforce upward or downward as you please, were raging against a doctrine which scarce one of them understood, one might have supposed that Darwin and Huxley would have accepted this unexpected religious aid at least from the writings of the fathers of the Church, to correspondence of the period and it will be seen that Huxley was possessed with the idea—the result of ingrained and ignorant bias—that the scientific criticism was based purely on religious bigotry and that the apparent religious toleration really rested on ignorance of what the Catholic writers meant. A more curious piece of crass intolerance is not to be found.

We need not strive any further to prove the fact that the error is more or less widely held. It is now time to endeavor to trace its origin and for that purpose some delving into history is necessary. The first thing that stands out quite clearly is that it did not in any way arise from any action of the Reformers, though this attitude came in the wake of, or at least is of a later date than, the Reformation. These men were never tired of declaring that the Catholic Church did not pay sufficient attention to the Bible and its teachings and withheld them both from its children. Oddly enough, that line of attack has so far shifted that modern reformers condemn the Church for a too ardent adherence to the Bible.

A further fact, which may startle many to read, emerges quite clearly, namely, that but for the Reformation and its consequences there would probably never have been any trouble between religion and science at all. "Of course not," I can hear someone exclaim. "Your Church would have taken good care that there was no such thing as science!" Well, again it is curious that, though the rush in output of scientific work was small compared with what we are now accustomed to, the pre-Reformation period was by no means devoid of scientific work or scientific workers, nor was the Reformation in the least a revolt on behalf of science. Far from it: "The reforming leaders were, if anything, less sympathetic to scientific investigation than were the Catholic leaders . . . for one sixteenth-century man of science of the reformed faith, like Paracelsus, a dozen Catholics might be named." So Dr. Singer tells us and his right to speak on such a matter will not be doubted. Further, he tells us that Roger Bacon "realized in advance of his age the nature and application of the experimental method" and "frequently uses the phrase 'experimental science,' which is for him the sole means of ob-

taining knowledge." Yet, as he proceeds to show, "there is no trace in Roger Bacon's writings of any consciousness of opposition to religion. He thinks he is writing in support of the Faith."

Here again I seem to hear someone remark, "But surely your Church imprisoned Bacon for a dozen or more years on account of his views?" I am aware that certain authorities, and even the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, say so, but the fact remains that the ancient records contain not one word to justify such an assertion. It is probably a lying allegation invented at a comparatively recent date. What is perfectly well known is that all Bacon's important works were sent to Clement IV at that Pontiff's special wish, but that unfortunately he died too soon to make the use that he would otherwise undoubtedly have made of them for the advancement of learning. Again, what shall be done about Cardinal Nicholas de Cusa (1401-1464) who not only did work according to the experimental method, as shown in his treatise on the balance, but who stated in print, years before either Copernicus or Galileo was born, that the earth was in motion. He was the first to propose a reform of the calendar, similar to that later introduced by Pope Gregory. Finally, let it be noted that Professor Whitehead says that we really owe what is supposed to be an even more modern conception, the union of science with technology, or applied science as it is sometimes called, to the pre-Reformation Benedictines.

But there was another and a more potent factor. The Reformation, especially in England, had been accompanied by a seizure of religious property unparalleled even in those days. Much of the plunder had slipped into the itching palms of certain families, of which the Cecils were the most important. They did not bother to allege that the Church and science were opposed, first because they neither knew nor cared anything about either, and second because no one would then have minded if they were opposed.

But in the fulness of time Huxley came along and took up the mission, as someone has put it, of making science respectable. He did so, but he did not stop at that, for he succeeded in implanting in the minds of men the notion that to attempt in any way to interfere with science, even the science thus far achieved, was a crime hardly second to treason felony. And one other thing that he had in mind to do, and very nearly succeeded in doing, was to establish in the minds of men his own mistaken idea, conceived in ignorance and nurtured in bias, that between the Church and science there could be neither agreement nor even truce. Yet there was a whole series of facts to the contrary open to his eyes if he had cared to look.

First of all, I mention the universities. While some of them seem to have no sponsors but just occurred, like Oxford and Cambridge, a large number of the older universities were founded by papal bulls. Glasgow University, eminently fair to all denomina-

tions as it is, may nevertheless be fairly described as a Presbyterian institution. Yet over the mantle of its senate room is the head of Nicholas V, crowned with the tiara, by whose bull, obtained by the then Catholic archbishop of that city, the university was founded. Again, Saint Andrews was founded by a body of clerics, headed by the Abbot of Scone; chartered by Bishop Henry Wardlaw; and confirmed in its privileges by no less than six bulls issued by Benedict XIII. It avails nothing to say that these and other similarly founded universities were mere schools of theology, for that is patently not in accord with the facts. Each was a *studium generale*, a place of general instruction; and there are instances where ecclesiastical preferments were given to laymen as well as to clerics on the understanding that they were to teach scientific subjects.

The second field of evidence which might have engaged Huxley's attention was the vast number of names eminent in the science of the post-Reformation period whose owners were not merely nominal Catholics, but fervent children of the Church. A few have been already spoken of, but what of Galvani, Volta, Ampère, Coulomb, Ohm, all of whose names are now immortalized in the nomenclature of electricity? What about the Abbé Haüy, the father of crystallography, who died the same year as Pasteur, who began his triumphant scientific progress by investigations along lines made possible by the researches of the Abbé? Again, what shall be said of Nicolaus Stensen, the father of modern geology, a convert from Lutheranism who died a Catholic bishop?

Safeguarding myself by an admission that the quotation that follows could have been written before Huxley, let me take an official utterance by Pope Leo XIII:

When it is said that the Church is jealous of the modern political system, and that she repudiates the discoveries of modern research, the charge is a groundless and wicked calumny. Wild opinions she does repudiate; wicked and seditious projects she does condemn; together with that habit of mind which points to the beginning of a wilful departure from God. But as all truth must necessarily proceed from God, the Church recognizes in all truth that is reached by research, a trace of the divine intelligence. And as all truth in the natural order is powerless to destroy belief in the teachings of revelation, but can do much to confirm it, and as every newly discovered truth may serve to further the knowledge or the praise of God, it follows that whatever spreads the range of knowledge will always be willingly and even joyfully welcomed by the Church.

The series of facts thus brought forward surely ought to be sufficient to dispose of the myth that there must of necessity be a conflict between the Church and science. That is, as far as general and fundamental opposition is concerned, for it is to be admitted that occasional clashes may have occurred.

DOES COLLEGE TRAIN THE CITIZEN?

By BURGESS JOHNSON

(In this article, the fourth in the series on modern education, Mr. Johnson, who contributed an article on the subject to the last issue of The Commonwealth, concludes his views. The series will be continued in forthcoming issues.—The Editors.)

THERE is another obstacle that often prevents students and teachers from stepping directly out of the classroom discussion of citizenship into the laboratory at the door. This is so-called student self-government. The phrase itself would suggest a campus training in a citizen's responsibilities. Instead, it may be but a groping reaction against the arbitrary control of high-school days. It stands for the isolation of those affairs which are strictly student affairs. Curious, how we have here a training in one of the worst characteristics of a democracy! If there is an expert at hand, avoid him! Democracy means the right to make, each year, last year's mistakes all over again.

In many colleges it is possible for student managers of glee clubs or newspapers or debates to carry on business correspondence that should shame a printer's devil; to break understandings that are as definite as contracts; to enter into undesirable business arrangements; and to leave organization bills unpaid, with a creditor unwilling to press the matter and gain student ill will.

The sentimental graduate is fond of asserting that in his undergraduate days he got more out of his business training as a team manager than out of any other one thing which happened to him in college. But to balance him are other graduates who have had to unlearn a vast deal of bad method that they acquired because of some responsibility thrust upon them when they were not competent to bear it alone and unadvised. "These boys should learn from their mistakes!" True; but how can they learn if they never know that the mistakes were made?

A university professor met this comment promptly with the statement, "We have stopped all that sort of thing. A faculty committee scrutinizes all student accounts and contracts, glee-club engagements and the like." But this is not coöperation. His relationship is only that of a policeman or visiting bank examiner with the law behind him. Yet there are plenty of classrooms in his university where business problems presented by these campus activities might be used as effectively as any theoretic situation in a text-book.

Illustrations of loss due to this estrangement crowd to my mind as a result of interested inquiry in many parts of the country. A young glee-club manager cancels an engagement with a body of alumni underwriters and he does so in a curt note, although a hall has been engaged and tickets sold. The change of plan is due to little more than a whim; another town

has been suggested, with pleasanter social aspects. The curtness of the letter is due to ignorance of good business usage. There has been no signed contract and the alumni laugh ruefully and agree not to offer assistance the next year. And the student manager never knows that he has acted disgracefully or in a way that in later life would subject him to lawsuit. Yet a faculty committee has approved his schedules.

In colleges throughout this country, managers of class "annuals" are signing printing and engraving contracts amounting to more than a million dollars annually, and perhaps totaling two million. Nine-tenths of the student managers know nothing themselves about printing costs. Intercollegiate competition leads to a steadily increasing lavishness of expenditure. Naturally, business concerns appear in this field and seek student patronage. They are not interested in preaching economy! Yet their salesmen are the only skilled advisers the students may turn to, wherever this feeling exists that student activities should be free of faculty "control." Many of these college annual publishing concerns are merely middlemen who farm out the jobs to printers, engravers, and binders. They make themselves responsible to these other concerns for student payment. Yet some of them have stated that they have a high percentage of bad debts. Is it likely that they can afford to figure closely on their contracts?

"We control all that form of student activity in a very simple way," says a western college president. "No student manager may sign a contract until his board has money in the bank or advance pledges and subscriptions with which to pay." Policing again! In that very college the "annual" cost 30 percent more than such a job was worth in the competitive market; it was paid for in part by advertising bludgeoned out of local merchants by student solicitors who promised a circulation equal to the student enrolment; yet there was no such circulation and many copies remained unsold. It was paid for in further part by students who could, in many cases, ill afford the \$5.00 it cost, though at true value it was worth only \$3.00; but they were coerced by college loyalty. At the end of the year, the editorial board divided up a bonus, and unsold copies representing several hundred dollars of retail value were junked.

Most of the campus activities in any college are under student direction and should remain so. But if the providing of expert faculty advice, and the seeking of it, means student subservience and the surrender of student "rights," then the whole social atmosphere of the college needs changing.

Student self-government is a pleasant thing to talk

about; but sometimes it may be a fiction for outside consumption, and a sop to the students themselves. At the worst, I do not think that it involves hypocrisy so much as self-deception. In colleges where such machinery is most highly perfected, comparatively few students learn to deal well with large groups of their fellows, even in such surface matters as learning how to take part in and preside over student meetings; and the few who do learn may be so overburdened by affairs of campus government that they cannot benefit greatly by the classrooms. Too many will fail to comprehend the purpose of the whole organization—they are so disturbed about the policing provided by student government itself, and found to be still necessary where so many are immature. Yet too few of the teachers, who must all share in the authorization for such policing, assume their share of obligation either to do away with it, or explain to their own classes the dominating purposes which justify it.

All of the foregoing are wasted words unless they lead to some constructive proposition. Let me try to formulate it for purposes of argument. I would imagine an undergraduate college whose every nerve and bone and sinew are coördinated for the training of leaders in a democracy; where buildings are deemed of least importance; where courses of study, whether relating to the wisdom of the past or the new knowledge of today, are all so organized as to apply to a responsive and responsible life now; and where all activities upon the campus are, in effect, laboratories of the classroom.

The teaching in such a college must not be confused with that in a post-graduate school. Each instructor shares responsibility for far more than the transmitting of knowledge in his special field. He must be constantly aware of the social problems of the campus, and his classroom must share in their solution and point their parallels in the larger problems of the world outside. In expression of opinion, he must be free to follow where truth seems to lead, without opposition from any source, so long as he evidently recognizes his share in maintaining the spiritual, mental, and physical well-being of the college community. This should be a harder task than post-graduate teaching, with more hours in its day, and a greater variety of tests to determine one's fitness for it.

If campus life is to be coördinate rather than independent, who is to control or direct it? Not the students alone. Effective organization must be the outgrowth of experience, and a student generation has a conscious life of less than four years. They can learn little from their own group experiences in the past, unless those members of the community who have lived in it more than four years add their memories. If the entire college is one community, all members of it should share responsibility save only those who are preparing for citizenship. In brief, my suggestion for argument's sake is a town meeting in full control

of the social life of the campus, with voting rights conferred upon the two upper classes and the faculty. Such an assembly might well be trusted with all campus control outside the classroom—and all discipline, from athletic field to forum and dance floor. Within the classroom itself, the teacher would still exercise arbitrary power.

It is true that in such a legislative body, the officers of the college could be outvoted; but is not that better than having them outwitted, or their arbitrary rules evaded? Everyone who has dealt with students will agree that in such an assembly the voice of experience exercises an almost undue influence. Objection is raised that teaching members of the community cannot give the time from their work to become involved in such complicated machinery of campus government. But some of them have to give even more time to just such things under a bicameral régime. If all are not willing to share in the problems of campus government, they should be teaching in a post-graduate school. And is it not true that where there is an effort toward "student government," some students are giving more time than they can well spare to direct student affairs?

In this vaguely outlined picture of a fanciful small college, what is to be done with the alumni? Their increasing interest in college affairs has lately been much discussed.

First of all, the danger from their mass pressure must be clearly recognized and stated. This force is now in a way to be organized and controlled by means of alumni councils whose executive secretary is, in some colleges, almost a member of the faculty. This council, representing all the graduates, takes steps to become intimately acquainted with the conduct and equipment and policies of the college, and then to swing the influence of the whole body of alumni into line with it. This is desirable unless the tail begins to wag the dog.

Secondly, certain sentimental fictions must be discarded, as, for instance, that the college owes something to its alumni by reason of their gifts; or that each graduate owes his college some unpaid balance of tuition fee. There are no such debts on either side. If the alumni give, it is because they wish an opportunity to share in the service of education, and it is pleasant to do so through the agency of the college they know so well. If they can share further by their friendly visits to the campus, so much the better.

It is only the residential small college, I believe, which could thus apply its every energy to a training for citizenship. I am sure that more than one college president is even now struggling to unify the entire life of his organization and point one dominating purpose for it all. Some of them are successfully overcoming one and another obstacle. But until they succeed in the complete unification of all forces with the definite purpose of training leaders for democracy, we should hardly be surprised if democracy refuses to turn to the college for its leaders.

PRINCESS AND PEDDLER

By MARIE GALLAGHER

"THE Princess is coming!" drawled the two bronze giraffes at each side of the palace door.

"The Princess is coming!" shrieked the peacocks, spreading wide their purple and green tails.

"The Princess is coming!" murmured the ivy, in a court whisper, clinging to the palace wall.

But the Princess did not appear.

Instead, there came sauntering down the garden path between the indignant peacocks, a peddler. He had rags on his head in the form of a hat, and all his bright hair shone through them. And he had rags on his body in the form of breeches and doublet and rags on his feet in the form of shoes, and patches of his brown skin showed through them. And he had an easy grace that the wearing of rags must have given him.

"I have an almost priceless treasure for the Princess to buy," he said with a low bow to the peacocks. But they moved away and eyed him suspiciously over the purple and green screen of their fine tails.

With a smile that the peacocks did not understand, the Peddler left them and approached nearer the palace. And when he came before the two bronze giraffes, he bowed.

"I have an almost priceless treasure for the Princess to buy," he said.

The giraffes stretched their necks like bronze trumpets and announced to the palace and all who should care to hear it:

"The Peddler has an almost priceless treasure for the Princess to buy."

"What princess would want an *almost* priceless treasure?" asked the ivy scornfully.

"If it were priceless not even a princess could buy it. And I am no prince to be giving gifts to princesses," said the Peddler.

"She is watching from the window," warned the ivy.

"The Princess is watching from the window," announced the giraffes.

The peacocks moved haughtily nearer the palace.

"I have a treasure that only a princess can buy," said the Peddler, addressing a white fluttering curtain at a window high up in the palace wall. "There are many treasures to be bought, but no other like mine, and I have brought it from the far parts of the world for you," he said to the white curtain.

"The Princess will not buy your treasure," whispered the ivy in tones of dismissal.

"It is the most beautiful treasure in the world, and it is not for sale to any princess but you," explained the Peddler to the curtain which no longer fluttered.

"The Princess—" began the giraffes, but the Peddler interrupted them with a loud voice, and the giraffes

were not angry at all, for rudeness was quite permissible in a peddler.

"The sun and the moon and this marble palace are fine, beautiful things," he admitted, "but my treasure is more wonderful than any of them.

"Go away quickly, the Princess is losing her temper!" cried the ivy.

But it was too late, for down from the white curtained window high up in the palace wall, came a shower of cold water and it went through all the Peddler's rags and glistened in his bright hair and on his brown patches of skin.

"There is no princess anywhere who can buy my treasure but you," he continued, without shaking himself free from one single drop of water. And there he stood, dripping and looking up at that far-away window, and trying to sell his treasure.

Suddenly there was an excited trembling among the ivy, and the giraffes stretched their long necks and cleared their throats.

"You must be a prince in disguise," marveled the ivy.

"No, I am not," declared the Peddler.

"Only a prince would accept such a drenching with equanimity. You are a prince, aren't you?" asked the ivy.

"No," replied the Peddler.

"Do not tell a lie," admonished the giraffes.

"No," replied the Peddler.

A faint sigh fluttered out from the palace.

"The Princess thinks that you are a prince in disguise," communicated the ivy.

"No, I am not," repeated the Peddler before he had half heard what they were saying.

"The Princess thinks that you are," reproved the giraffes.

"Oh, if the Princess thinks so, I am," murmured the Peddler, with a suddenly princelike air.

"The Prince is coming!" drawled the two bronze giraffes at each side of the palace door.

"The Prince is coming!" shrieked the peacocks, waving their purple and green tails.

"The Prince is coming," murmured the ivy in a court whisper, clinging to the palace wall.

And the Peddler entered through the palace door.

White Myrtles by a Deserted House

Why do your pallid faces press
Against the pane? In other Mays
Soft eyes gazed from those darkened squares
And smiled to see your fluted sprays . . .

The villagers can never know
As I, of faun and dryad born,
What yonder haunted blossoms see
Beyond the blinds this summer morn.

LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY.

COMMUNICATIONS

KING ARTHUR AGAIN

London, England.

TO the Editor:—Sir Bertram Windle, who wrote a delightful review on King Arthur's Country in *The Commonwealth* of September 1, must be the excuse for my title. As one of the many who have gladly succumbed to the greatness of Glastonbury, on theological and historical grounds, I plead her case again.

Let us see first what our old friend William of Malmesbury has to say. He begins, speaking of Arthur:

"This is the Arthur concerning whom the idle tales of the Britons rave wildly even today [thank you, William!] a man certainly worthy to be celebrated, not in the foolish dreams of deceitful fables [again, thank you, old friend!] but in truthful history . . . and finally, at the siege of Mount Badon, relying on the figure of the Lord's Mother, which he had embroidered on his armor, he attacked 900 of the enemy himself alone and put them to flight with incredible slaughter."

Next, turning to Geoffrey of Monmouth, he tells us that the King was mortally wounded on the river Cambala, in Cornwall, and "carried thence to the isle of Avalon for the healing of his wounds." If, then, we have cleared up the intolerable notion of Linlithgow, where is Avalon?

A contemporary of Geoffrey of Monmouth, one Caradoc of Llancaman, tells us that the wicked king of Somerset (Mel was his name) had stolen Guinevere and lodged her in Glastonbury, that Arthur advanced upon the place to besiege it, and that the abbot managed to bring peace about without the clash of arms. But if we would identify our Arthur with Glastonbury, we must pass over his glorious heraldic life, so tinged with the beauty of the great, and rejoin him at his death-bed. So we must leave regretfully the coming of Saint Joseph of Arimathea, Saint David, Saint Patrick, and the glorious devil-tweezing Saint Dunstan, and go down into the earth where lay the body of him, who, in life, had such devotion to Our Lady.

His soul was with God and his body in the cemetery of Glastonbury. Giraldus Cambrensis tells of its finding. Written at the very end of the twelfth century, his book tells us of the discovery. Deep buried in a hollowed oak, between two stone pyramids, it lay there in decay. Giraldus himself saw the leaden cross upon it, with this inscription:

"Hic Jacet Sep
Ultus Inclitus
Rex Arturius in
Insula Avalo
Nia."

Another interesting fact is that "Glastonia" was, in the British tongue, "Inis Gutrin," or "Insula Vitrea"—island of glass. King Arthur's queen lay beside him, as Adam of Domesham tells us also.

Sir Bertram is amiss when he says that Henry II had their bones translated, with great pomp, to a tomb before the high altar. After the great fire of 1184, his munificence rebuilt the abbey. But it was Edward I and his queen who bore the royal bones, with their own hands, at Easter in 1278, to their more fitting resting-place. They spent Easter Eve with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and wonderful it must have been.

And there we leave Arthur and Guinevere, taking their rest until they shall return. Local tradition is very strong that those twain shall rise again and save England as once they did before. Indeed, only the other day, at Cadbury, a suspicious-looking archaeologist was asked by a peasant: "Have you come to take the King out?"

But I fancy that that day is not yet come, coal-strike or not. It will be a far more terrible day when Arthur, with the image of Our Lady on his breast-plate, shall rise again.

G. S. J. CHILDE.

SLAPPING THE SOVIET

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Granted that the Soviet government's request that Madame Kollontai be permitted to pass through the United States on her way to Mexico was made for the purpose of creating an incident, as you intimated in your editorial columns of November 17, was it entirely wise of our State Department to refuse her a visé? Of course, the lady can go to Mexico by sea and there is no really valid reason for her wishing to come to the United States, but by refusing her a visé, while admitting Soviet commercial agents, are we not furnishing the radicals at home and abroad with a very cheap stick to beat us with?

Suppose that instead of slapping the Soviet government in the face, which was what it wanted us to do, we had courteously granted its request and then seen that Madame Kollontai was kept under close, though not obvious, surveillance while passing through the United States—would not this attitude have been more in keeping with the dignity of a great nation than is our government's abject fear of our being infected with even the most diluted solution of the Bolshevistic virus?

After all, if Madame Kollontai had been permitted to cross our country, this could scarcely have created a very dangerous precedent, as the only nation in our neighborhood with foreign diplomatic representatives, whose capital can be reached by land from the United States, is Mexico.

A. CAMPBELL TURNER.

THE COURSE OF CONVERSION

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I note that Mr. G. K. Chesterton makes a thrust at Christian Science in his article, *The Course of Conversion*, in your issue of November. "The wealthy business man," as he says, "may become a Christian Scientist," but usually as a last resort and after having tried many other forms of healing either for himself or for a dear one and at last finds surcease from sickness and sorrow in this purely spiritual system of regeneration.

Mr. Chesterton's reference to Christian Scientists as "people with one idea" is correct. This one idea is reliance on God as all-inclusive and man as reflecting His attributes. Quite the contrary to his "monotonously repeating his one idea" or chattering a formulated prayer—which is blind belief—the aroused student becomes conscious of how scientifically to think his way into the kingdom of heaven which Mrs. Mary B. Eddy's teachings demand.

EDGAR G. GYGER.

P O E M S

Porto Rico

I

Ploughing the Cane-Fields

The dark ridge, then the crumbled hill, then a cone
 The whole sky rests on, then the sun in a veil:
 And up the tilted world there goes a trail
 Of satin furrow like a monotone
 Of cellos ploughing brown fields of their own.
 Rain stands and sings. A palm tree glimmers pale
 Marking the turn. The oxen will not fail
 To travel straight; they know the way alone.

But they must like the boys that chant all day
 Between their bowed heads, riding on the yoke,
 One to each pair, six oxen to a plough.
 I heard round voices cry and tremble away
 In minor thirds because the trade-wind spoke,
 Sobbing under its breath, the earth knows how.

II

Guayama Seine

I saw them pull the colors out of the sea.
 From the great seine the water fell away
 And left the blue with mother-of-pearl inlay,
 The winnowed silver and the two or three
 Lavender jellies. Pablo handed me
 A slender shape, a sort of Culprit Fay
 In drooping gossamer. Somehow gone astray,
 The sword he wore had failed to set him free . . .

That two-inch blade tipped with vermillion!
 I came too late. His valor was all spent,
 And now he had to die of air and sun,
 While I must face futility again
 Staring across a diamond silence when
 I asked the Caribbean what it meant.

III

Jayuya Shower

When mangoes fall, it's into the river;
 But coconuts tumble into the road.
 Rain makes the cane-fields wince and quiver.
 A cloud dissolved is a heavy load.

It drives the kid to the bronzed goat-mother,
 It turns her back to the trees again.
 Here's ripe rain not like any other;
 It tastes of fruit; it is wine of rain.

At last a cloud from the sea has made you
 Curl a banana leaf over your head
 As though its whim had been to persuade you.
 It wasn't going to rain, you said.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

The Roman Road

"We were but Man, who for a tale of days
 Seeks the one city by a million ways."—John Masfield.

A million ways, because they never found
 The old road built across the vanished years—
 A hard, straight highway through the swampy ground,
 The gloom of forests, and the blood and tears
 Of all the wars of nineteen centuries.
 A road with inns of warmth and cheerful light,
 Where all the weary and the travel-stained
 Have stopped to cleanse away the dust and fright,
 And start new-hearted on the quest again.
 Peasant and sage and kingly embassies—
 All have been fed around the great inn's board;
 All have come hungry for the Bread and Wine
 Brought from the city by its gracious Lord
 For every pilgrim to the end of time.

ELEANOR CUSTIS SHALLCROSS.

The Final Faith

Not often, when the carnal dance is mad—
 Not often, in our youth's audacity,
 Shall one, aware, have final faith in thee,
 O soul, for he that knows thee shall be sad
 Betimes, and youth would be forever glad.
 Then, craving freedom, never are we free;
 Through many-colored mists we call or flee,
 And in illusion's raiment are we clad.

But when the humiliation of the flesh
 Is ours, like truant children going home
 We turn to thee, the beautiful and best,
 Whose dew-remembered flowers are ever fresh—
 Whose winds are from the snows and ocean-foam—
 Who hast the starlight on thy marble breast.

GEORGE STERLING.

The Chameleon

Upon a green leaf he is green,
 Upon a red one ruddy.
 He suits his color to the scene—
 Blue, brown, or grey, or muddy.

Wherever he may chance to go
 He meets the crowd's demanding.
 In Rome he does as Romans do,
 And so he keeps his standing.

I know not his philosophy—
 Platonic or Aurelian.
 No matter. Who would want to be
 Reputed a chameleon?

CLARENCE E. FLYNN.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Pygmalion

AND so, the season being well advanced, the Theatre Guild again bursts forth with an attack of Shaw. This is an annual, and sometimes more frequent, ailment which gives everyone a good time, both in front of and behind the curtain—the degree of the good time depending on the particular Shaw play selected. Some of them are boring in their special pleading; others are boring because Mr. Shaw insists so frequently on stopping the play to step before the actors and give his own views—provocative views in an essay, but thoroughly annoying in the theatre. In *Arms and the Man*, however, which opened last year's Guild season, and in *Pygmalion*, Mr. Shaw has somewhat abandoned himself to having a good time. His opinions jump out chiefly in satirical shafts, and his characters achieve a semblance of life.

Pygmalion, it will be recalled, is the story of a professor of phonetics who conceives the idea of converting a cockney flower-girl into the outer semblance of a duchess in the space of six months. When his *Galatea* comes to life in the required time, he finds, to his annoyance, that more than the surface has changed. Life has a new value to her. She has no intention of being dropped as abruptly as she was taken up, and at the last curtain the professor is somewhat nonplussed at the possibility that he might have to marry her or otherwise provide for her future. One is left to speculate on just what such a man, whose interest has been purely scientific, would do if faced with the need of summoning a totally different quality of devotion.

Argue if you will, that the whole situation is highly improbable, or even utterly preposterous, that Shaw has simply created a straw problem which can only have a straw solution. That is nothing new in the Shavian technique. The simple fact remains that he has made this problem highly entertaining and given it, for the moment, theatrical plausibility. It has about it the solemn wink of farce, yet it is more than farce. It makes you ponder quite seriously on whether—to borrow from and distort advertising rhetoric—you can change the surface and change all. And that is just what Mr. Shaw intended you should do.

He also intended that you should discover a genuine interest in *Eliza Doolittle*—that girl of inconceivable vulgarity who becomes, under your eyes, a model of refined dignity. Certainly *Eliza* is delicate meat to a good actress, and there are few better than Miss Lynn Fontanne. She has here a part of infinite variety and quite properly glories in her opportunities. She also glorifies them. What vitality and humor she puts into the inarticulate wails and yowls of *Eliza* in the first act—and what awkward meticulousness into the forced niceties of the second—and what stormy emotion into the new creature of the third! A fine, flowing, and aggressive performance.

Like nearly everything which Mr. Dudley Digges directs, this revival has the charm of well-knit movement. The minor parts are never slurred for the benefit of the major ones, and although the acting of many of the cast lacks that smoothness which Guthrie McClintick always manages to bring out, the performance as a whole is far above the average. Beryl Mercer does a notable bit of work as Mrs. Pearce, the housekeeper of the phonetic professor, sympathetic, humorous, and pointed.

John Gabriel Borkman

AT THE Eva Le Gallienne Civic Repertory Theatre, they are really playing repertory—that is, playing three different plays each week, and adding new plays from time to time, very much as they do at the Comédie Française in Paris. It is an interesting experiment and one which, coupled to extremely low prices, seems to be achieving early success. The most recent addition to the list of plays is Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*—a marked improvement in the sum total of production over Benavente's unhappy *Saturday Night* reviewed last week.

There is a robust workmanship and an authentic power to the worst Ibsen plays which set them far above their many and clumsy imitators. They are often deliberately unpleasant. They have a strong taint of that kind of moral weakness which is unable to face crises with courage and heroism. They have all the blasting neuroticism of the north countries from which they came. But no one can rob them of the strength of their dramatic construction nor of the ironic sweep of their catastrophe. *John Gabriel Borkman* is by no means one of the best of Ibsen's works, either in universality of theme or in convincing delineation of character. It is, above all, interesting as a representative study of Ibsen's own mind and its problems—something which one should not feel at the time of witnessing a play, but only in retrospect. But it has its fine moments, and in presenting it, Miss Le Gallienne has shown both courage and ability.

Her own part is that of Ella, the elderly sister-in-law of Borkman—an ex-convict, whose lust for power led him to misuse trust funds, and who has never since given up the hope of returning to power. Borkman's own wife is Ella's twin sister. Back of his marriage to the wrong sister lies a whole story of twisted mentalities of the kind that Ibsen loves to deal with. At the opening of the play, Borkman has concealed himself for eight years in the long upstairs gallery of his own house—from where the sounds of his feet can be heard forever pacing up and down, down and up, the maddening rhythm being broken only by occasional bursts of music from his piano. Into this tense atmosphere, Ella returns after eight years, to try to win back the love of Erhardt Borkman, Gabriel's son, whom she had brought up in his early youth. There is a violent conflict between the mother and the foster-mother, one of those quarrels of sisters which seem to unleash the furies of jealousy and madness. But Erhardt goes his own way—a youth who has already escaped the physical bondage of a home, but without escaping the neurotic tie of the Borkman house, since he runs away with a woman much older than himself. In the end, Borkman, his pride crushed, dies in Ella's arms on a lonely mountain-top, and the two sisters are united for the first time in understanding over his dead body.

It is apparent that this play suffers from a conflict of themes for first place. It lacks the integration and singleness of purpose of the finer Ibsen plays. Its power lies chiefly in certain fine theatrical moments, the quarrel of the sisters, the almost sadistic gloom of the first scene, the rebellious boastings of Borkman when Ella returns to him, and the last symbolic scene, almost as remote from reality as some of the scenes in *Peer Gynt*. Throughout the Le Gallienne production, Beatrice

Terry manages to be the dominant figure as the acid, proud and possessive Mrs. Borkman. Many of the scenes recall Miss Terry's equally fine work in a well-remembered play of two seasons ago, *Children of the Moon*. Miss Le Gallienne confirms the impression that she is a good, but far from a great, actress. She never quite extracts the full emotional power from a scene and is afflicted with a large number of mannerisms. Egon Brecher is a theatrical Borkman, earnest enough, but with only rare moments of effectiveness. The whole production, and Miss Le Gallienne's acting in particular, would be greatly improved by the discipline of an outside director.

The Witch

THE WITCH, a tragedy by the Norwegian dramatist and director, Wiers-Jensen, has been familiar to students of the drama in text for some seven or eight years, and is now, at the Greenwich Village Theatre, given its first performance in America. In spite of the importance attached by its producers to the name of Mr. John Masefield as adapter, no particular literary quality is discoverable in his translation, which is pedestrian over long stretches. But the play can depend for its appeal on a very tragic and poignant plot, reinforced by some worthy acting.

Anne Pedersdotter is the beautiful daughter of a poor widow who has eked out a living by "witchcraft," in other words, by selling simples and specifics to the credulous townsfolk of Bergen. As palace chaplain, it was the duty of Absolon, a middle-aged Lutheran pastor, to denounce her to the civil arm. But, smitten with an afterglow of physical passion for the girl's beauty, he consents to hold his tongue, and, after her mother's death, carries her to his parsonage as a bride.

Five years of tempered happiness are brought to an end by the return of Martin, his son by a former marriage, from the seminary of Wittenberg. In one of those accesses of remorse which precipitate doom, the unhappy clergyman reveals his sin of silence to son and wife. The immediate consequence of the confession is to provoke the sullen and repressed young woman to an exercise of the power she feels she has inherited, and the age-old tragedy of Paolo and Francesca is reenacted under northern skies. Its discovery, following a night of pastoral stress, the reproaches of the wife, maddened by what she now deems was the theft of her youth, together proves too much for Absolon's overtried heart. His sudden death gives his mother, who has been an unsleeping and malevolent spy upon the sinful idyll, a chance to overwhelm her daughter-in-law by an accusation of witchcraft and murder, and the curtain falls upon the certainty that the frail young widow will be the victim of just such another spasm of popular cruelty as has already wrung our withers in a former act.

As the doomed Anne, Miss Alice Brady is at all times a tragic and haunting figure. Maybe this popular actress has taken too literally certain charges of lack of restraint made against her when she was the Bride of the Lamb, and replaced it by a repression carried at times over the verge of monotony.

H. L. S.

BOOKS

Today and Tomorrow, by Henry Ford in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. \$3.50.

IF ONE were asked to name the most significant figure in the world of today, one would have to point, I think, to Henry Ford. No political leader has made such a change in people's lives or has created such a world of new interests; no writer, thinker, or philosophical scientist has affected the habit of thinking of millions of people as this man has. He is meeting, it would seem, not only a world's want, but a world's longing: it is as though men and women were finding some hope of theirs realized in the machinery he is giving them—the machinery that can be handled by the least expert amongst them. And it is significant that a demand for that machinery and a real interest in the use of it should exist in the least developed countries and amongst hardly cultivated peoples.

The production of cars and of tractors for agricultural work is only one side of the revolution which Henry Ford is bringing about. The other side is in his conception of business and in the application of his distinctive ideas to his own great factory system. In business, that is in the enterprise which most closely affects the people of Europe and America, he is a thorough revolutionary. A great producer, he will have nothing to do with banking, with that financial system which we have been led to believe is the dominant factor in the world's affairs. An employer of hundreds of thousands of workers, he gets away from trade-unions, and every kind of labor organization. He has turned away from the traditional way of carrying on a great business. And his departures have been signalized by the greatest volume of production in the world's history. Henry Ford's system is bound to become a model for other producers, great and little, and this will make a revolution in the business of production.

What, as a producer, is Henry Ford's philosophy? Here are extracts from his book which indicate it:

"Wages are more of a question for business than they are for labor. They are more important to business than they are to labor. Low wages will break business far more quickly than they will labor.

"The way to check a threatened depression is to cut the price and increase the wage. High wages with high prices do not help anyone—it just means that everything has been marked up. But higher wages and lower prices mean greater buying power—more customers. Cutting wages is no cure for low consumption—it only makes the consumption still lower by reducing the number of possible customers.

"The right price is not what the traffic will bear. The right wage is not the lowest sum a man will work for. The right price is the lowest price an article can steadily be sold for. The right wage is the highest wage the employer can steadily pay.

"Industry is not money—it is made up of ideas, labor, and management, and the natural expression of these is not dividends, but utility, quality, and availability. Money is not the source of any of these qualities, though these qualities are the most frequent sources of money."

What sort of a world does Henry Ford look forward to? In this passage we have his general idea:

"It matters not what books may be written, what buildings

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put up, what works of art created—nothing matters if the opportunity be not given for anyone who wills to live as befits a human being.”

But surely it does matter. There was never a time in human history when every man, woman, and child in any society had what Henry Ford would regard as decent food, shelter, and clothing. There was never an epoch in which opportunity was given for anyone who willed to live in the way that Henry Ford would regard as befitting to a human being. And yet we speak of civilization and are even definite about their characteristics. We are not wrong when we do this, for civilizations, after all, are the efforts made by human societies to reclaim us from the wildness of nature, to focus men's minds upon certain ideas that are beyond the providing of food, clothing, and shelter, and to enhance whatever they possess of an inner life. And it is precisely through books, buildings, and works of art that human societies have done these things—that is, have formed civilizations. These civilizations have had their failures. But their triumphs have been great: their triumphs achieved through books, buildings, and works of art live in the human spirit.

The Henry Ford who expresses himself in *Today and Tomorrow* seems to overlook the inner life of man, to take no account of the life of intuition, thought, and meditation, of the life that expresses itself in art and philosophy and that has been fostered by the great civilizations that he discounts so readily. He notes that there is a need for a balance in life. But in the balance that he would have to the life of production, there are no poems, nor pictures, nor music, nor philosophy, nor history read through a philosophy—there is only the entertainment of knowing trees and birds, of motor-ing, and of walking across the countryside.

Indeed, as one reads *Today and Tomorrow*, one is filled with a fear that the Spanish writer, Unamuno, may have been right when he declared that where there is efficiency there can be no deep life and where there is science there can be no wisdom. One wants, of course, to have a society so productive that everyone within it is well-clad, well-housed, and well-fed, and with leisure enough to permit of the finer faculties being cultivated. But when one remembers the well-paid American factory-workers whom one has known, one cannot have much faith in the efficient factory and machine as promoters of a fine human life: these men are not free-minded; they have satisfaction, but they have not the delight in life that one can detect even in the complaining farmer in the Irish countryside. They have become externalized, their inner life has been diminished. Externalization may increase productiveness, may make comfort more widespread, but it may also make for an unhappiness as great as any unhappiness that has come upon human society. I turn from Henry Ford's sanguine prophecy to read a passage I had marked in a book by the German dramatist, Herman Bahr. It says something that has to be taken into account by all exponents of Henry Ford's philosophy:

“This is the vital point—that man should find himself again. . . . We would turn him into a mere instrument; he has become the tool of his own work, and he has not more sense, since he serves the machine. It has stolen him away from his soul. And now the soul demands his return. . . . Never has man been more insignificant. Never has he felt so nervous. Never was happiness so unattainable and freedom so dead. Distress cries aloud; man cries out for his soul; this whole pregnant time is one great cry of anguish. Art, too, joins

in; into the great darkness she, too, calls for help, she cries to the spirit: this is expressionism.” (Expressionism, by Herman Bahr, translated by R. T. Gribble. London: Frank Henderson.)

To reconcile Henry Ford with Herman Bahr is, I suggest, the major problem of today and tomorrow. We want a reorganization of production so that the gigantic waste of material and life that is part of the industrial system that we know may be cut out. We want production great enough to give a living to every adult in our society. And at the same time we want such inner life as we have retained and enhanced. If we fall in with any system that will diminish our inner life, we will lose delight in life and the possibility of artistic, or scientific, or social creativeness. Henry Ford's book, if read critically, makes us face these issues, and for that reason, and also because it shows how vastly productiveness can be increased through ideas and management, it is a significant book, a book which no one who is interested in the life of our time should miss reading.

PADRAIC COLUM.

Astronomy Today, by Thomas Moreux; translated by C. F. Russell. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$4.00.

THE layman, unofficially interested in the story of the skies, will welcome to his library shelves only such texts in astronomy as are shorn of all technicalities of the classroom. Following a hurried survey of the pages of the above-named book, he might be deceived into the belief that this was just the tome he had been looking for. The table of contents shows a generous list of inviting topics, and the omission of all mathematical discussion would especially appeal to him.

But he should know that the book, though containing much that is orthodox, sponsors theories which do not share the sympathy of the modern astronomer and meteorologist. So, in the chapter entitled, *The Sun's Influence on the Earth's Climate*, he is told that the earth's temperature increases with the sun-spot numbers. Quite the opposite is the accepted doctrine today. Dr. Humphreys, a recognized authority in this connection, writes: “It has been known for some time that the curve of the sun-spot numbers and the curve of earth temperatures follow or parallel each other in a general way, in the sense that the fewer the spots, the higher the temperature, with, however, puzzling discrepancies, here and there.”

Abbé Moreux, to bolster his contentions, instances the melting of the polar caps of Mars according to his rule. Granting such a melting to obtain, and this is not unequivocally established, the inference from happenings in the Maritan atmosphere to like ones in the encircling envelope of the earth is not warranted. The insinuation that the sun-spot areas are especially hot stands contradicted when we recall that in the spot spectrum high temperature lines are weakened, or disappear entirely, whereas the low temperature lines are strengthened. Again, in the spectrum of the spots the bands of compounds are found, which, at the ordinary temperature of the chromosphere, could not exist.

This same chapter carries a unique theory to account for seismic occurrences. Earthquakes, it is stated, are caused by earth currents, the latter by the sun. It seems to have been within the experience of the writer that solar disturbances run concurrently with outbursts of fire-damp. That usually these outbursts happen at the times of violent earth movements. Singularly enough, geophysicists will not own a like experience. As fire-damps arise at depths far less than the computed

depths of the focal points of violent quakes, a dependency is all but obvious.

The postulate for a tetrahedral or triangular pyramidal shape for the earth, as indicated on page 66, disclaims the author's confidence in the researches of modern geologists. Surveys executed by precise triangulation, astronomical observations and gravity readings in all parts of the world invariably demonstrate that the shape of the globe is everywhere about the same.

Again, all students in geodesy favor the isostatic theory as a reliable working hypothesis. This calls for a resisting crustal substance resting on a plastic subcrustal base. No fair share of analysis is calculated to show how we can have a tetrahedral form with an earth that is so plastic. Regarding the geoid surface of the earth, this changes from place to place. Every hill, mountain or island has an effect upon it. Necessarily the direction of the plumb line is affected by side pulls from mountains, plateaus, etc., and by deficiency of mass in water areas. The geodial and spheroidal surfaces are very close together throughout the world, with the exception that there are deviations amounting to probably as much as 100 metres under the Andes and Rocky Mountains, and, possibly, some other high mountains, but these humps are local in character, and in all likelihood, not extending more than 200 to 300 miles away from the high mountains.

The repeated attempts at interpreting the existence of life on the planet Mars is a matter of common knowledge. The author contributes an interesting paragraph to the literature on this topic. His findings are gleaned, for the most part, from his observations at the telescope. Criticism of his opinion is reserved, as the entire matter is adhuc sub judice. However, one must own his disappointment in finding such figures as thirty-five to forty degrees below zero on the centigrade scale indicated as the prevailing temperature on the planet when the recent determinations by radiometry, made by Dr. Coblentz, of the Bureau of Standards of the United States, argue to a temperature of from five to fifteen degrees above zero on the same scale.

In more than a few instances, Astronomy Today appeals to me as Astronomy Yesterday.

FRANCIS A. TONDORF.

Reading: Its Psychology and Pedagogy, by John Anthony O'Brien. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00.

THAT modern education is based upon the ability to read may be regarded as the most truistic of truisms. A great proportion of the elementary school-pupil's time and energy is devoted to the learning of this art, so simple in appearance, and a large share of nearly everyone's later life is devoted to its exercise. Yet the art is hardly ever really mastered. Most adult reading is merely a form of dawdling, and the individual is rare who can give an accurate paraphrase of even the most eagerly devoured morning newspaper. "Ability to read" is not so easy as it looks. During the last decade, the experimental researches of Judd, Gray, Terry, Oberholtzer, Thorndike, and a score of others have revealed a most intricate set of physiological and psychological processes involved, the knowledge of which is in a fair way to revolutionize the whole teaching of the subject.

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ber of words taken in at a single glance; the "eye-voice span"—the number of words by which the eye precedes the voice in oral reading; "fixation"—the length of time during which the reader pauses over a single span; and "regression"—the number of rereadings necessary for full comprehension of the meaning. By these tests, the degree of the student's attainment of the dual aim in reading—rapidity and accuracy—can be minutely determined. Furthermore, the tests indicate inferentially the success or failure of the methods of teaching employed.

Contrary to popular supposition, it is found that oral reading of a passage fixes it less firmly in the memory than does the same amount of time spent in silent reading, because attention is divided between the apprehension of meaning and the effort of pronunciation. The traditional stress upon oral reading is an anachronistic relic of days before oratory had been superseded by the printed page. The practice of analytical reading so beloved of incompetent teachers who go through the Merchant of Venice picking out transitive verbs and participial phrases, is discovered to be equally harmful to speed and intelligence. Similarly vicious is the habit of developing one type of reading for all subjects instead of differentiating among methods proper to what may be called the study attitude, the pleasure attitude, and the skimming attitude. Finally to be condemned is the neglect of individual variations, since no two students have exactly the same speech-rhythms or verbal associations.

Shift of emphasis from oral to silent reading, from plodding analysis to swift synthesis, from the class to the individual—this is the rational program set forth convincingly in Professor O'Brien's work. Moreover, the book is full of helpful detailed suggestions as to how this program can be carried out. If the reviewer possessed the means, he would send the volume to every primary and secondary teacher in the country with an earnest entreaty to read, learn, and inwardly digest its contents.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.

The History of Utopian Thought, by Joyce Oramel Hertzler. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

THIS work which is a reissue of the 1923 edition is, in the words of the author, "the first book that attempts to give an unprejudiced systematic treatment of the social Utopias as a whole." It is divided into two great parts, the first treating the history of social thought and the second, a critical appreciation of the potency of the social ideals given us in history.

The historical review embraces the ethico-religious Utopias of the prophets, Christ, Augustine, and Savonarola; the Republic of Plato; the early modern Utopias of Bacon, Campanella, and Harrington; and finally the Utopian socialists and pseudo-Utopias from Morelly to H. G. Wells.

The critical appreciation studies the characteristics of The Utopians and the Utopias, The Utopianistic Contribution to Civilization, and finally, The Limited Perspective of the Utopias.

This work is very typical of a certain attitude of thought of the present day which seeks to melt away the edges of things and dissolve entities into environment. Material distinctions are kept between dollars and cents, pounds and shillings, but spiritual distinctions between the natural and the supernatural, the political and the religious are completely lost in the intoxication of a philosophy of devenir. It is this loss of the value of things which most probably accounts for the author's inclusion of Jesus Christ and H. G. Wells in The

History of Utopian Thought. Jesus Christ, for the author, is a social reformer and not the Redeemer, a teacher of individualistic ethics and not the Giver of Life, aye, he even criticizes the Utopia of Jesus because He "seemed to stress unduly the individual." The Bible no more belongs in a history of Utopian thought than the *Ars Poetica* belongs in a history of finance. The prophets prepared for a "kingdom which is not of this world," and if Utopias mean anything, they mean a universe wherein its inhabitants are not destined to "take up a cross."

The historical section of this work is interestingly written, though it makes no new exposition of the Utopianists contained therein and, in some cases, the historical survey is founded on second-hand sources. By far the finest chapter in the book is the one entitled: The Limited Perspective of the Utopians, in which the author enumerates the weaknesses in Utopian schemes. One of their great defects was "that they failed to start with things as they are. They permitted a gulf to develop between the Is and their To Be." What is more, they "failed to see how to use the spirit of protest for reform purposes. . . . As idealists, they were great; but if they had been agitators as well as idealists they might have been greater."

The value of this book increases as it approaches its end; the critical analysis which absorbs the latter half is made up of some fine appreciations of Utopianism. The first half would be twice as good if it were but half as long and if the author had forgotten to include a spiritual kingdom in the narrow confines of a political or economic one.

FULTON J. SHEEN.

Selected Poems, by Arthur Davison Ficke. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

IT IS with some surprise that the reader of so excellent a modern poet as Arthur Davison Ficke will read his preface when he states that Milton's declared theme and purpose "to justify the ways of God to man" no longer has any meaning for a changed world. Mr. Ficke adds that the only passages of *Paradise Lost* which will continue to thrill generation after generation are those that vibrate with the great poet's personal passion.

Now those of us who have heard of the poetry of mathematics, who have learned of the great traditions of a beauty handed down by the masters of learning, of philosophy and religion; those to whom the classic myths mean anything, to whom the bells of religion still spell sounds of harmony and recollection, will rise in protest against this modern denial of their force and beauty in poetry; and when we are told that the poet is never a teacher, we may well ask what he is if not a formulator of culture, even in a mood, or an explorer into the depths of emotion. It is the rather picayune interpretation of emotional moments that has led us into the morass of so much modern poetry, so much voodooism of criticism and shuffling jazz-tunes, so much cheap bleating of modern sentimentalists who do not know where they are, or why or whither with anything. Remove the props of philosophy and religion from poetry and we have nothing more than the quivering jelly-fish that seem for all their uncertainty to wiggle into the high-chairs of our critical lighthouses.

Poetry, pure and simple, lies in the moments of literature it is true; but the agonized inspired speech of the blind Oedipus Rex does not nullify the transcendent poetical beauty of the entire tragedy of Sophocles.

Mr. Ficke's poetry is superior to his criticism. It is not at

all typical of the emotional moments he so much appreciates, but is, in reality, cultivated fine verse, in full rapport with traditional literature. In the Sonnets of a Portrait Painter, he adheres persistently to the questionable final couplet, much affected by latter-day sonneteers, and in *At St. Stephanos* he introduces us to a Greek monk of rather dubious theories. Mr. Ficke's most successful poem happens, luckily, to be a brief one; it is *The Three Sisters*:

Gone are the three, those sisters rare
With wonder-lips and eyes ashine.
One was wise and one was fair
And one was mine.

Ye mourners, weave for the sleeping hair
Of only two your ivy vine.
For one was wise and one was fair,
And one was mine.

THOMAS WALSH.

Apostate, by Forrest Reid. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.00.

THE author's choice of title and the publisher's description of this work as "a spiritual autobiography" both raise misgivings which, happily, are falsified when one reads *Apostate*. Since the days—and what ages ago they seem to us late-Victorians—when Mr. Compton Mackenzie revealed the soul of Michael Fane in a masterpiece that is almost a classic, a host of writers of the meaner sort have been lurking in the alleyways off Sinister Street ready to unburden their sorrows and their problems, erotic and religious, before a generation raised on Freud and Jung and scornful of reticence and repression.

Mr. Reid, however, bears no affinity to this unsavory brotherhood. In the first place, he is truly a literary artist. Pursuing his "voyage of rediscovery," as he so aptly calls it, he is faced by the difficult task of recapturing the changing and elusive moods of boyhood and adolescence, and the equally difficult task of putting them faithfully into prose without the intervention of the maturer consciousness of later years. It is no small praise of his ability as a writer to say that he has succeeded admirably.

The apostasy which gives the book its title is the author's final rebellion, immediately after his confirmation, against the dreary and unsatisfying form of Irish Protestant Episcopalianism in which he was brought up.

GEORGE D. MEADOWS.

Critical Essays, by Osbert Burdett. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$2.00.

AFTER Mr. Burdett's *The Idea of Coventry Patmore*, and *The Beardsley Period*—the one about as good a book as could be written on its subject, the other the best book on the 'nineties that has been written—his *Critical Essays* are somewhat disappointing. They are exceedingly well written, with an icy precision learned from Patmore, but it would seem that Mr. Burdett needs plenty of elbow room to do himself justice, and here he has had to confine himself to the limits of space imposed upon a writer for the weekly reviews. What he has to say about Hawthorne and Meredith and Gay and Alice Meynell and his other subjects is sound, but not particularly new or striking. The two best essays are those on the Oberammergau Passion Play and *Litterae Humaniores*.

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To me, however, much the most interesting of these papers is the one on A Daughter of Coventry Patmore. Emily Patmore entered the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, where she was known as Sister Mary Christina, and died some years later at the age of twenty-nine. Mr. Burdett is concerned with the biography, written by an American religious, of this remarkable young nun. He decides that "the evidence of her character, poetry, portraits, and the progress of her spiritual life, including its ecstatic end, suggest that she had not a religious vocation at all."

Well, I have read the book, and I am acquainted with its author; and I cannot agree. But what is Mr. Burdett's reason for his opinion? "It is impossible to quell the still, small voice that whispers 'she was intended for something else': To live, and so to write a wife's version of her father's epic theme . . . with a genius potentially, to say the least, not inferior to his own." This is saying far too much. Sister Mary Christina's poems are fairly good, but are imitative of her father's. That much we may know, quite apart from any "still, small voice."

Perhaps Mr. Burdett carries his enthusiasm for his master to such a length as to add to Patmore's quaint dislike for all celibates not under religious vows, and to disapprove of all celibates. Certainly it would be a great thing to have a wife's version of the Patmorean theme; but Sister Mary Christina could never have given it to us. I know of only one woman that might have written such a version, only one, and that woman was Alice Meynell. But she, though sharing all of Patmore's ideas, carefully refrained from expressing any of them in her work.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

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Mohammed, by R. F. Dibble. New York: The Viking Press. \$3.00.

OF THE great religions of the world which critics have sought to compare with Christianity, Mohammedanism has usually come in for the least respect. It will gain none from R. F. Dibble's biography of its prophet.

The book is readable enough to hold the interest of a high-school boy, yet aims rather at popular adult mentality. The effort is made to dig out of the vast muddle of Moslem tradition the man who turned prophet, and to set him forth as a human character live enough for a novel.

There is no attempt to analyze the character according to any of the modern popular psychologies. The author presents the man as nearly as fanatical fog and thirteen and a half centuries leave material for the reconstruction. He leaves to the reader's judgment whether to think the founder of Islam an ignorant but clever religious crook, a paranoiac, or a sincere prophet.

But he cannot for a moment be reverent toward the man as the prophet. The combination strikes the author as grotesquery. He revels in the vast inconsistencies of his character; he finds the Koran a mixture of meaningless babble, ungrammatical Arabic, unpoetical verse, stupid legislation, and inconsistency. And it all strikes him as so funny that he only occasionally arises above flippancy.

Flippancy may be all that Mohammed as man and prophet deserves, for all the consequences with which Islam has scarred the pages of history. But Mr. Dibble is flippant toward all prophets. He sees an amusing advantage in Mohammed's progressive revelation with its many reversals, over the inexorable nature of the scriptures of Christianity and Mormonism which cannot change to meet every shift of events. "He never tampered with miracles—a fact that," says this author, "perhaps, more than any other, indicates his superiority over preceding prophets." He cannot but use Christianity in illustrating the nature of another religion to a Christian race. And he does not always keep his flippancy where Christians will not find it offensive. Mohammed himself determined that no vivid biography of him would be fit for youthful readers.

GEORGE M. A. CAIN.

Perella, by William J. Locke. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.00.

TO THOSE who found the novels of William J. Locke in their early teens and reveled in each new one as it came along, it is a pleasure to know that he is still writing charmingly of charming folk. In his latest novel, *Perella*, he again presents characters who immediately gain our hearts. In this new tale there is *Perella*, so small that she seemed to herself to take up too little room to be of much account in the world, yet she was such an eager and flaming little person that she moves understandably in the story from a world of back bedrooms and chimney-pot outlooks to a position in a world of culture and beauty. Then there is Anthony, introduced to us first in a dinner jacket and a gay humor at a table of humorously drab individuals. And there is Beatrice, fair and shining at forty; and also a lovable professor.

But why tell the story? A Locke story anyway, is chiefly attractive because of its own personal manner. His style is light and ingratiating. He writes lucidly, with crisp delicious sentences, in this age when writers of more import hardly consider the question of grammar as other than unseemly.

EDWIN CLARK.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"This," said Miss Brynmarian, as she flourished a large pair of editorial scissors, "this is the day for clipping."

"Hair or newspapers?" queried the Doctor blandly.

"Both," replied Miss Brynmarian, "but newspapers first. Business before beauty in this library."

"So I've noticed," remarked Angelicus sadly.

"Just what do you mean by that?" demanded Miss Brynmarian. "I know I need a haircut—but there are others," she added significantly.

Then brandishing the scissors once more, she savagely attacked a pile of newspapers and magazines.

"You seem," said the Doctor, looking over her shoulder at the periodicals, "to have selected a curious assortment."

"How curious?" asked Miss Brynmarian.

"Well," replied the Doctor, "I see at a glance G. K.'s Weekly, Snappy Stories, The Christian Register, Blackfriars, the Junior League Bulletin, and the New York World—all publications somewhat divergent in their scope, to say the least."

"Snappy Stories and the Junior League Bulletin,
Are sisters under the skin,"

chanted Miss Brynmarian.

"Prove it," replied Angelicus.

"My dear Doctor," remarked Miss Brynmarian, "intangible but virtual kinship may well exist and yet be insusceptible of proof. And speaking of such kinship," she went on, picking up one of her clippings, "let me read you how Chesterton summed it up in his comment on Dr. Barnes, the Anglican bishop of Birmingham, who brought forth a storm of protest by saying of Saint Francis that 'his attitude toward body vermin was not ours,' and that 'a modern nurse would have bathed him in warm water and antiseptic.' Mr. Chesterton replied by the following:

"'If Brother Francis pardoned Brother Flea,
There still seems need of such strange charity.
Seeing he is, for all his gay good will,
Bitten by funny little creatures still.'"

Dr. Angelicus chuckled as Miss Brynmarian picked up another clipping.

"You may see no similarity of idea between fleas and the following," she remarked, "but nevertheless two connections do somehow suggest themselves. This is from an article in Blackfriars on hymns, and states that so far, no hymn has yet broken the record set by the Yorkshire sexton's hymn for episcopal visitation, which reads:

"'Why do ye hop, ye little hills,
And wherefore do ye skip?

It is because is come to us
His Grace, the Lord Bishop.'"

"Hymn writers should be forced to take out a state license on poetic license," commented Angelicus. "And now where do the rest of your clippings lead us?"

"To Moscow," replied Miss Brynmarian. "The New York World states that 'a school for the training of clowns, known as the Clowns' Academy, has been opened in Moscow. It is said that clown propaganda in Russia, if properly handled,

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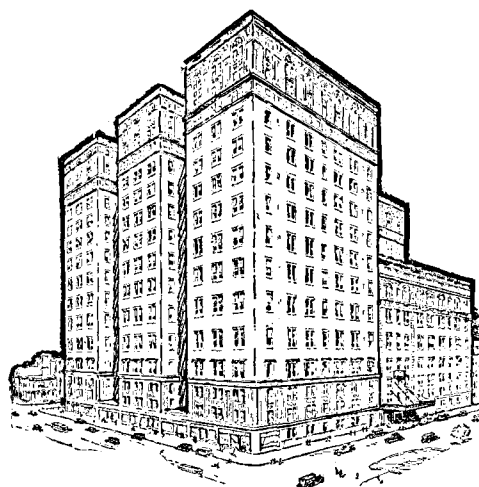
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"On to Moscow!" exclaimed Dr. Angelicus. "I am going to attend that academy. Moreover, I feel that you could qualify there as an instructor."

"Indeed?" asked Miss Brynmorian. "In what department?"

"Declamation and patter," said Dr. Angelicus.

"If I could qualify there as an instructor, you could qualify as dean," retorted Miss Brynmorian. "However, let us get on to the Junior League Bulletin. Here is an advertisement which reads: 'Personal Analysis Chart. Answer all these questions carefully, and an expert in the analysis of charm and personality will blend a fragrance that transmits your personality into perfume: Are you artistic? Are you emotional? Do you enjoy outdoor sports? Do you wear your hair bobbed? When did you bob it?'"

Miss Brynmorian paused breathlessly.

"Who bobbed it?" supplemented the Doctor. "They forgot that."

Miss Brynmorian again consulted the chart and continued:

"What do you feel your age to be?"

"Ridiculous question," said the Doctor, "for, of course, the answer varies each day, depending on how late you were up the night before."

"Just think," said Miss Brynmorian, "how lovely it will be to have a perfume to match one's own personality!"

"All asinine," grumbled Angelicus. "Youth is getting sillier every day. Now when I was young—"

"Please be quiet, Doctor," interrupted Miss Brynmorian, as she chewed the end of her pencil reflectively, "and let me fill out my chart. I must send it off at once. Now let me see" (she regarded the advertisement intently) "the last question is, 'What is your mood today?'"

"Exasperation," growled Angelicus, reaching for his hat.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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